

# THE MONTH

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### Leo XIII.

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A MONTH ago we were lamenting the loss of our Cardinal Archbishop. Now we have lost also our venerable Pontiff, and must again clothe our pages in mourning. That he was a truly great Pope, worthy to take his place in history by the side of the first bearer of the name of Leo, or of Gregory the Great, or Gregory VII., is felt by all, by those who reject not less than by those who acknowledge his spiritual authority—witness the present chorus of unstinted praise, so unprecedented and so unexpected, in which almost every section of the press has joined. Still, to estimate his greatness at its true measure is chiefly possible to the generation which can recall vividly the state of feeling in regard to the Papacy at the time of his accession. Not many years previously the Vatican Council had offered to the world a splendid spectacle of Catholic unity. It had infused new vigour into the hearts of the faithful, but it had likewise stirred the bile of a small party of malcontents, and these, powerful out of all proportion to their numbers by their hold on the European press, had organized a campaign of calumny, and spread the wholly unfounded notion that the Conciliar Decrees were no merely ecclesiastical definitions, but were intended to initiate a war of aggression on the rights of the civil governments. Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism* is an illustration from the history of this country of the success with which the evil suggestion worked, and of the suspicions and animosities it could arouse in minds otherwise fair and friendly. But it was in Switzerland, and above all in Germany, that it bore its most pernicious fruits. In the latter country the Catholics had been living happily under a Constitution which respected their liberties, were much attached to their civil rulers, and had just been giving signal proof of their loyalty on the battlefield. Yet in a few short years, without any change in their conduct or sentiments, all was altered.

The authors of the calumny, who were mostly of German birth, had formed themselves into a schism, and had contrived to persuade Prince Bismarck that the danger above indicated was impending over the Empire, but might be warded off by recognizing them as the true representatives of the Catholic body, and forcing the rest to imitate them in separating from the Holy See. Hence the drastic Falk Laws came to be passed, and soon the German Bishops were in prison, the German religious in exile, the German clergy in hiding, and the faithful laity left without spiritual ministrations and goaded into bitter feelings, merely because their consciences would not allow them to violate the essential conditions of Catholic unity.

In France the misrepresentations of the Old Catholics were less successful, and during the short term of the Macmahon Presidency the Church of France enjoyed a large measure of religious liberty. But in 1878, when Leo XIII. was elected, the prospect was beginning again to cloud over. In the middle of the previous year Gambetta had sounded for the first time his war-note against what he was pleased to call Clericalism, and it was evident that before long the reins of power must fall into the hands of his party, and that they would use it for the oppression of the Church.

In Italy the once flourishing Church had been devastated by the Revolution and was lying in ruins on every side, its most necessary endowments confiscated, its charitable institutions alienated to other uses, its monks and nuns ejected from their convents and reduced to destitution, its Bishops and clergy subjected to various vexations. Nor was the Eternal City left untouched. The Popes had been robbed of their temporal sovereignty, that indispensable guarantee of their spiritual independence, whilst, as if to show the true significance of the usurpation, the hands of the despoiler had already been laid upon funds and institutions of vital consequence for the carrying on of the world-wide jurisdiction of the Apostolic See.

These were the principal features in the situation which confronted Leo XIII. when he ascended the Pontifical throne, and it was these which chiefly determined the character of the task he took over from his predecessor. It was an appalling task, which Pius IX. had faced ably and courageously both before and after the Italian occupation, in the only way which perhaps was at that time possible. He achieved no success in mitigating the evils, but such was the temper of those days,

that it is hard to see how a mitigation could have been brought about through the employment of any method whatever. Minds were too excited and irreflective, and the utmost which a Pope could do was to call attention forcibly to the injustice done to the Church, and to protest against it. As, however, we look back from the distance of a quarter of a century, we can recognize that to Leo XIII. has been given a somewhat happier lot. The assaults on the Church by her adversaries may have continued, and may have grown more formidable than ever before, and there may be signs in the heavens which seem to portend that the next successor of St. Peter will be more sorely tried than either of his predecessors. But none the less, there is another side of the picture, which shows that—whatever we may think of the prophetic value of the famous document—just as there was much of the *Crux de Cruce* in the Pontificate of Pius IX., so there has been something of the *Lumen in Cælo* in that of Leo XIII. In Switzerland the persecution is no longer active, and in Germany most if not all the provisions of the Falk Laws have been repealed, whilst the relations between the Holy See and the German Sovereign have become really cordial. When in August, 1873, Pius IX. begged the Emperor William I. to stop the persecution going on in his dominions, the latter wrote back in curt and angry terms a letter which he caused to be published forthwith in his Official Gazette. And one of the last events in the reign of Leo XIII. was the solemn visit of William II. to the Vatican, followed as it has been since the Pontiff's death by the touching message in which his Imperial Majesty says, "I shall always retain a faithful memory of the exalted, venerable man who was a personal friend of mine, and whose extraordinary gifts of heart and mind compelled my admiration anew, only a few weeks ago, on the occasion of my last visit to Rome." The contrast of tone between these two communications reflects the wide change in the condition of the German Catholics, a change which is due, of course, largely to the formation of the Centre Party, but which was also the triumph of Leo XIII.'s skilful diplomacy.

For the Catholic Church France is the darkest spot in the present outlook. A new party, almost Satanic in its anti-Christian fury, has attained to political power, and there seems no limit to the extremes of persecution to which it is prepared to go. To such a party it was not to be expected that the most skilful of Popes would be able to address himself

with success. Still we must not forget that during the greater part of his Pontificate, happier conditions prevailed in that country. When the first violence of the administration of the Ferry decrees was spent, it really seemed as if the principle of "live and let live" were growing into favour with the Catholics and their rulers, and a splendid development of Catholic life was to be witnessed in its healthy progress. It must be remembered, too, that it was precisely the growing popularity of the Catholic schools, even with parents not themselves addicted to piety, and the steady increase throughout the country in the number of persons returning to the sacraments, which alarmed the anti-Christian party, and made them seek a corrective in laws of repression. How far this consoling progress was due to the personal influence of the Pope, is a problem too complicated to be studied here, but we must at least recognize the insight and determination with which he kept exhorting the French to forget obsolete controversies, and combine together in an endeavour to infuse a spirit of tolerance into the Republic. It is possible, too, at all events he thought so himself, that had his recommendations been more generally accepted, the present state of tension might not have arisen.

In Italy the Roman Question remains unsettled, and it is yet to be seen whether a settlement is feasible. Still the friction between the two sides is much less than it was, and, apart from occasional sporadic vexations, various Catholic institutions are being allowed to revive. In the early days of Leo XIII.'s reign the pilgrims who came to visit him were liable to be roughly treated, now they are even welcomed by the party in power. It is because they have come to realize that without the Pope Rome would be shorn of her principal glories, but it is probably also because they have themselves fallen to some extent under the spell of the Pope's personality.

We might extend this comparison between past and present and consider the relations of Leo XIII. with the other civil governments; we might also take note of his direct relations with the Catholic populations and his endeavours to guide them aright in matters regarding their religious, intellectual, and social welfare. Still, this retrospect, incomplete as it is, may assist us to realize the nature of his success in conciliating the good-will of temporal sovereigns, and inducing them to deal amicably

with their Catholic subjects. What then was the secret of this success?

Even when they were acknowledged temporal sovereigns the Popes had no force of armies with which to impress their will on the rulers and people of other states. In the past as in the present their only force has been moral, and has been derived from two sources, from their personal characteristics, in proportion as these have been in keeping with their high spiritual office, and from the clearness with which they have been able to set forth an unanswerable case. And in both these respects Leo XIII. excelled. The facilities of modern travelling have had a marked effect in multiplying the number of pilgrims and other visitors who have sought admission to the presence of this Pope, and been privileged to hear him speak on topics near to his heart. His personality thus became much more widely known and appreciated than was possible in the case of any of his predecessors, Pius IX. not excepted. What struck these visitors so much in him may be summed up in three words—the intense spirituality of the man, the austere simplicity of his mode of living, and the kindly spirit in which he welcomed every comer as a friend. We have said “summed up,” but, after all, words can only recall to the minds of those who saw him the leading features of a personality which in itself was distinct and individual. “I had expected to see a great man and I found myself speaking with a saint,” was the spontaneous testimony of one who had entered the room not without a certain prejudice, but was deeply moved by a presence so elevated and unworldly. He was expressing a feeling which innumerable others have experienced, and when we bear in mind how these came from every section of society and from every quarter of the globe, and how they must have passed on their impressions to the circles in which they moved, we begin to realize the fulness and extent of the effect produced by the Pontiff’s wonderful personality; and how it must have tended to recommend his written words when he spoke, as he was wont to do periodically, of the Third Order of St. Francis and other kindred means of fostering the spiritual life, of his burning desire to see the divisions of Christendom healed, or of his tender sympathy with the working classes, and his vindication of their just right to a living wage. Whether they agreed to all he said or not, it was clear to very many of them that here was a man highly placed who was actuated by no spirit of domination, or personal ambition, or any

self-seeking aim, but only by a single-minded desire to benefit for their own sakes all classes of the human race; and who might be trusted to cast at all times all the influence he possessed into the scale on behalf of righteousness, justice, mercy, and peace.

The impression made by Pope Leo's personality on rulers and statesmen was of the same kind, as the expressions of sorrowful regret they are now uttering clearly testify. Among these we have already quoted the cordial tribute of the German Emperor, which is the more interesting for the light it sheds on the motives by which he and before him his illustrious grandfather were led to restore religious liberty to their Catholic subjects. And here we come to the second constituent of the moral force with which the venerable Pontiff was able to negotiate. We must confine ourselves to the case of the German Catholics and the repeal of the Falk Laws, nor can we enter into the details of this negotiation which did not attain a complete success till eight years after it was first commenced, indeed which has not attained it fully even yet. All that we can do, and need do, is to call attention to the method which the Pope pursued. After having dexterously obtained the Emperor William I.'s consent to a renewal of communications, the Holy Father laid stress on the essentially peaceful character of Catholic life. The Old Catholics had misled the German Government into supposing that the Vatican Decrees were directed against the civil authority, for nothing could be less true. These Decrees had no bearing whatever on the relations between Church and State, and the simple truth remained that, if only a Catholic population were left free to lead its own religious life, and to hold unimpeded intercourse with the Holy See, it could always be trusted to form a body of loyal, orderly, and contented subjects; and in this way the influence of the Apostolic See, so far from forming a danger to the civil authority, could render it a valuable aid. This was throughout the key-note of the Pope's teaching when he wrote on social and political questions, and we may regard his many Encyclicals, which collected together form a kind of manual of Catholic belief and practice, as a detailed demonstration that Catholic life is of this harmless and helpful character in its attitude towards civil rulers. This of course was not the primary purpose of the Encyclicals, but they were capable of



fulfilling this purpose, which perhaps was not absent from the Holy Father's mind. At all events his leading contention about the influence of the Holy See was not lost upon Prince Bismarck and his Imperial Master. They had had experience since 1873 of the kind of danger they had feared from the Church, but it had come from an opposite quarter, and they had learnt also by experience that the true effect of the persecuting laws was to foster the growth of irreligion and Socialism. Why should they go on weakening the Empire by singling out for persecution a section of their nation which yielded to no other in its peaceful and orderly character? So they were led to reason, and the result, now that the laws have been for some years repealed, has been to prove that the Pope was right.

The Pontiff to whose talents and virtues the Church owes so much has now passed to his reward, not however without first teaching us a splendid lesson how to die. His death-bed has been, as it were, set in public, and we have all been privileged to witness the faith, the piety, and the fortitude with which, to use his own phrase, he "set out for eternity." We have witnessed also in his death, as in his life, another virtue which was a feature in his character and must not be left unacknowledged. Where shall we find another old man like him? He had entered his ninety-fourth year, thus reaching an age at which few arrive, and at which fewer still if they do reach it are able to continue working. Yet it never seems to have occurred to him to seek a well-merited repose, but on the contrary, till within a fortnight of his death, he was to be found daily at his post discharging patiently the fatiguing duties of its routine, and facing bravely each fresh anxiety which the perversity of the times brought forth. And to what other nonagenarian, when the weakness of death was already upon him, would it have occurred to employ himself in writing Latin verses? Still we are grateful for this latest fruit of his pen, revealing as it does the channel in which his last thoughts were running.

At summas claves, immenso pondere munus  
Tot tibi gestum annos, hæc meditare gemens.

It was indeed natural that, knowing the strict account which divine justice must exact of those entrusted during life with the

charge of others, he should in his humility tremble whilst recalling the many serious issues, so unprecedented in their character and so far-reaching in their consequences, on which he had been called to decide. We, however, may feel confident that this long record of faithful service has made only for his reward.

R. I. P.



## *A Visit to Milan.*

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To many a traveller Milan suggests a florid Cathedral and nothing more. It has never exercised the attraction of Rome or Venice, Florence or Siena. It cannot be called picturesque in the sense in which English people understand picturesqueness. It should never be selected as the first city in which to make acquaintance with all that Italy represents to the lover of Italy. Yet to those who have wandered far and near, for whom the characteristics of the various schools of art are a source of ceaseless investigation and unalterable interest, to those who have learnt in a measure to apprehend life as a Latin nation apprehends it, the Lombard capital is full of a charm that wholly escapes the hasty tourist. It appeals to the student of architecture as keenly as to the student of painting, for both can complete at Milan, and at Milan alone, studies begun elsewhere. Like Genoa, Milan is a city of palaces; a splendid spaciousness is its most distinctive note, and in every street the passer-by may catch glimpses through open portals of wide arcaded courtyards. On every street the solemn façades look down, rich in the terra-cotta decoration which is a permanent feature of Lombard architecture. Its library, its pictures are housed to-day in the mansions of the greatest of its citizens of the past, even its sick poor are tended in a building which for spacious dignity and lavish ornamentation has no parallel among the hospitals of the world. Milan, in the main, is a great Renaissance city, but in certain of its churches it carries one back, even far beyond the days of the Sforzas or the Visconti, back to the earliest centuries of the Christian era, to the days of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, to the invasions of Goth and of Hun. Thus all the history of Europe has left its imprint in brick or stone on the city of the Lombard plains.

These are the external features that Milan, through long years, has offered to the world. In the narrower domain of

painting, her claims on our time and attention are no less compelling. Leonardo must be studied here as well as at the Louvre, studied both in himself and in that Lombard-Leonardesque school which was the outcome of his eighteen years' service under Il Moro; Luini, in all his sweetness of sentiment and charm of colour can be studied here as nowhere else; Gaudenzio Ferrari may be seen by those who have not leisure to follow him to Vercelli, his home *par excellence*; Foppa, Borgognone, Solario, Beltraffio, are all represented in church or gallery. And outside the Milanese school we find Florentine and Venetian paintings of the very first rank, and, greatest treasure of all, that most lovely product of the mystical art of Umbria, Raphael's "Sposalizio."

It is as a centre for the study of northern and central Italian painting that the importance of Milan has so vastly increased during the last few years. Her treasures are more numerous, and they are exhibited to far greater advantage than formerly. It is only of recent years that the Museo Poldi-Pezzoli has been added to the public galleries of the city, and that the municipality, with infinite care and considerable intelligence, has restored the Castello Sforzesco to something approaching its former glory. Again, it is only within the last few months that the great work of re-hanging and re-organizing the Brera has been brought to a triumphant conclusion. Hence, for the first time, it has become possible for the least instructed visitor to trace out for himself the development of the Milanese school during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and to arrive at some understanding of its relation to the other schools of Italy.

In old days, with all its valuable contents, the Brera gallery was a source of bewilderment, and consequently of disappointment, to the serious student of art. The hanging had been done on no sort of principle, and with no regard whatever to the distinctive schools; the space allotted was utterly insufficient, with the result that many important works were skied, while others remained stacked in the cellars; there was no proper catalogue, many pictures were not numbered at all, and portions of the same altar-piece were to be found scattered about in different rooms. Happily some five years ago Professor Corrado Ricci—whose sumptuous volume on Pintoricchio has recently been translated into English—was appointed Curator, and the result of his labours is to be seen in the galleries to-day.

Professor Ricci is a man who commands the respect of the whole of the art world, a man fully alive to the artistic requirements of the day, while the experience he gained in re-organizing the Pinacothek of Parma proved an invaluable preparation for the far more laborious duties that awaited him at Milan. Thanks to his indefatigable zeal all the pictures have now been sorted out into their proper schools, and to each school has been assigned one or more rooms: six to the Venetians, two to the early Lombards, three to the Lombard-Leonardesque painters, one whole room to Luini, another to the strange forcible frescoes by Bramante,—a recent acquisition on which the Curator rightly prides himself—a long gallery to early Lombard frescoes, and a room each to the smaller divisions of the north Italian school, the Bolognese, Ferrarese and Emilian painters. The Tuscan, Roman, and Umbrian artists receive, of course, separate treatment. To carry such a scheme into effect much extra space was required and obtained, and to-day the pictures are beautifully spaced on the green walls in such a way that each can be studied to advantage. The attributions have been carefully revised and a tablet on every frame gives the most authentic information concerning names and dates. The Curator has also effected wonders in the very difficult task of piecing together the many large polyptychs which, before his day, existed only in a fragmentary condition, hunting out the missing parts in churches and galleries and obtaining possession of them by purchase or exchange. In this way many interesting reconstructions have been made, more especially as regards some early Umbrian altar-pieces, and one of the finest works in existence by Vincenzo Foppa, practically the founder of the Milanese school.

Clearly the service that has been rendered to art students is far from inconsiderable. It were of course absurd to compare the Brera in point of wealth to the Louvre or the Uffizi or our own National Gallery, but as far as arrangement is concerned it is now a model for all Europe. Nothing, for instance, could be more helpful than the placing together of all the frescoes of the Lombard school in the long entrance gallery. No gallery that I know is so rich in early Italian frescoes as the Brera. The Louvre has but a few—some charming Luinis among them—the National Gallery scarcely one, save the lovely angel fragment by Filippino Lippi. But in the Brera there is a long wide corridor hung to right and left with frescoes by Foppa,

Bramantino, Borgognone, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Luini and others, whose panel pictures may all be studied in the later rooms. Many of these frescoes are damaged, some are mere lovely fragments of fading colour, but their intrinsic beauty, together with the unusual facilities they afford for instructive comparisons make this one corridor of the very highest value.

Admirable, too, is the arrangement of a room in imitation of the chapel of St. Joseph in the suppressed Church of Santa Maria della Pace, which allows of all the fresco decorations, both on wall and ceiling, to be seen in the positions in which Luini originally painted them. Among the series is the well-known Madonna and Child with Saints, the Child in the act of blessing a nun, in which the face of the Madonna is perhaps the most tenderly beautiful that Luini ever imagined. Here too we now find the graceful "Burial of St. Catherine," the body of the Saint borne by three angels, the most charming of that early series of frescoes painted by the artist in the Casa Pelucca near Monza, and near by, in contrast with his fresco work, hangs one of the finest of his panel-pictures, the "Madonna with the Rose-hedge."

It would be beyond the limits of this sketch to touch on the contents of the three great Venetian rooms opening into one another and brought to a close by the delightful picture of "St. Mark preaching at Alexandria," probably the finest specimen of Gentile Bellini's work outside of Venice, or to linger in the little room hung with stately portraits by Lorenzo Lotto, or even in the spacious hall where some splendid examples of Mantegna and Crivelli have been treated with a full appreciation of their worth. I would pass on to the Lombard-Leonardesque rooms, where, with a wise discretion, Leonardo's wonderful crayon head of Christ, its extraordinary beauty undimmed even by its now crumbling surface, has been hung in the midst of the works of his contemporaries, and the full extent of the influence of his marvellous personality made clear to all. Beltraffio, Sodoma, Luini, and to a lesser degree Solario and Ambrogio de Predis, all fell under his sway, and the Leonardesque qualities in varying degrees may be traced in the paintings round these absorbing rooms.

An influence of a very different nature radiates from the masterpiece which, by common consent, is the supreme treasure of the Brera collection. In solitary state, in one of the smaller rooms, hangs Raphael's "Sposalizio," that most perfect

expression of the Umbrian genius, the mature work of a boy of twenty-one, who yet was eager to put himself to school once more under the Florentine masters. No one now believes, as formerly, that the composition is a replica of the "Sposalizio" at Caen, once attributed to Perugino; that myth has been once for all exposed by Mr. B. Berenson,<sup>1</sup> and our æsthetic enjoyment of the serene loveliness of the young Raphael's work is enhanced by our knowledge of the originality it betrays. In preparation for it one should first study the contents of the Umbrian rooms, beginning with Gentile da Fabriano and Niccolò da Foligno, the piecing together of whose large many-panelled altar-pieces has been a labour of love to the Curator, on to Raphael's own friends and contemporaries, Timoteo Viti and Eusebio di San Giorgio. The latter, Raphael's fellow-pupil in Perugino's *bottega*, clearly borrowed his inspiration from his brilliant companion, as may be seen in the entrancing little series of predella panels, which in colour, in sentiment and in landscape, all recall the methods of the great painter's Umbrian days. But the three pictures by Timoteo Viti raise afresh in one's mind the much-debated question concerning Raphael's boyish obligations to the Bologna artist whose workshop at Urbino he must almost certainly have frequented in his earliest years. Did he really learn from the older but only moderately gifted painter, or was it not rather Timoteo himself, who in an age when originality was far less deliberately sought after than now, borrowed from the methods of the boy-genius whose paintings brought him such swift renown? Certainly the slight boyish figure of St. Crescentius in a "Madonna and Saints" at the Brera has in it many of the qualities that we have learned to call Raphaellesque, and the head of the Madonna in Timoteo's large altar-piece is reminiscent, both in pose and expression, of the St. Catherine in the National Gallery.

A quite recent acquisition not unconnected with the Umbrian school—for the painter, in his lifetime, acted as a link between Florence and Perugia—is a delightful little panel picture by Benozzo Gozzoli, of St. Dominic miraculously bringing to life a youth killed by a fall from his horse. Vivid in colour, naïve in sentiment, full of enchanting detail, this little picture is more closely after the manner of Fra Angelico than Benozzo's larger works, and for English visitors it possesses the further interest of having very probably formed a portion of

<sup>1</sup> See *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*. Second Series. Bell.

the predella of Benozzo's large altar-piece in the National Gallery.

The conscientious picture-lover at Milan will start his sight-seeing with the Brera, for it is there he will gain that grasp of the north Italian schools which will make his further wanderings both engrossing and profitable. The Poldi-Pezzoli Museum is one of those smaller collections of art-treasures which enchants the visitor, weary with the mental and physical fatigue of a vast gallery. In a sense, though on a far smaller scale, it may be said to be the Hertford House of Milan, for the collection was made by a rich Milanese citizen for his own enjoyment and bequeathed by him to the municipality, together with a portion of his palace in which to maintain it. One enters by a doorway in a little side street, and mounts an unpretentious staircase to find oneself almost dazzled by the sumptuousness of a long suite of apartments spreading out into two wings, which enclose a delightful garden-court. Perhaps one could have wished that the generous donor had given a less gorgeous modern setting to his treasures, but the beauty of the treasures themselves is incontestable, and there is a certain added charm, as in the case of the Wallace collection, in seeing them in what was built as a private house. Tapestries and embroideries, bronzes and enamels, Oriental carpets, Renaissance jewelry, Sèvres china, gilded *cassoni* and inlaid chests and coffers of every variety are here in profusion. Yet it is the pictures that constitute the main attraction of the collection. It is here that hangs the most lovely *quattrocento* portrait of a lady, once attributed to Piero dei Franceschi, but now esteemed the work of the goldsmith Verrocchio, which Mr. Berenson's readers will be familiar with as the frontispiece to his volume on the Florentine painters. But no reproduction can wholly render the wonderful texture of the surface, the exquisite painting of the fair hair intertwined with strings of pearls, the delicate purity of the clear-cut profile. For this single portrait alone a visit to the Pezzoli Museum should not be missed. But indeed without it the rooms are full of delightful pictures, mostly of small size. One turns from a little Madonna and Child, much re-touched it is true, but admitted on all sides to be by the hand of Botticelli, to a beautiful, tragic "Deposition" which, if not by the master himself, is certainly due to his inspiration, and one passes through some half-dozen saloons hung mainly with Milanese and Venetian masters, with



Luini and Borgognones and Solarios, with Cimas and Vivarinis. But the central Italian schools are represented also : a Perugino group, a Lorenzetti Madonna, a muscular Saint by Signorelli, a Crucifixion by Niccolò da Foligno, have each their characteristic charm. It is hard to drag oneself away from this enchanting treasure-house.

If the Ambrosian Library, one of the glories of Milan, is a spot of superlative interest to students and scholars, it probably will not long detain the mere tourist. In a library, above all places, one requires an enlightened guide, something more than the obsequious individual eager for his *pour-boire*, and to be hurried through the cold, vaulted rooms of the old Borromean palace, now lined with books, and allowed a hasty glimpse at priceless MSS. locked into glass cases, is an experience more likely to induce exasperation than enjoyment, even when the cases contain the most exquisitely illuminated Books of Hours of the Sforza and Visconti families, and autograph letters from the greatest Italians of all time. Upstairs, for those who have knowledge and leisure, there are rooms full of engravings, and another hung with a most precious collection of chalk and pencil drawings by the great Lombard artists, the fixing of the attributions of which might occupy all the art critics of Europe for many months. So far, apparently, no one has ventured upon the task, for no catalogue appears to be in existence. Among them in black chalk on a grey ground is Raphael's cartoon for his "School of Athens," full of interesting lessons in composition if compared with a large photograph of the fresco itself. But students of the Lombard school will probably be more interested in the great Luini fresco, painted for the Confraternity of the Holy Crown on one of the walls of the Borromean palace. It is the most dignified composition which the artist ever accomplished ; the centre is occupied by the thorn-crowned figure of the Redeemer, surrounded by His executioners, and on either side of thorn-wreathed pillars, which divide the fresco into three parts, kneel groups of the donors. And whatever else they may miss in the picture-gallery, they must take note of one of the most delightful of Renaissance portraits, the girl with the delicate appealing face, seen in profile, her dark hair drawn over cheek and ear and bound in a jewelled fillet, once believed, on what authority I do not know, to be Leonardo's portrait of that Beatrice d'Este who, dying at twenty-two, lies buried beside her husband Lodovico

in a sumptuous tomb amid the glories of the Certosa. To-day critics tell us that the lady is unknown, while the artist, according to Morelli, must certainly be Leonardo's fellow-worker at Milan, Ambrogio de Predis. I can only say that whoever she may be, and whoever may have painted her, she remains wholly adorable in her piquant beauty.

In the past it was Leonardo da Vinci who dominated the artistic life of Milan, and even to-day his spirit seems to hover over the city to which he came as a stranger and in which he laboured so long, although if, as is now rumoured, the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie containing the mournful wreck of his most stupendous work is to be closed to the public, and if it be true, as some critics maintain, that the Christ in the Brera is not by da Vinci at all, then it can indeed only be in spirit that he can reign, for no work of his hand will remain to the city. Under these circumstances the picture-lover finds himself compelled to fall back on the study of Bernardino Luini, for which material is certainly not lacking. Frescoes and pictures by Luini are to be found in every church and gallery in the city, and his admirers may pursue him with advantage to Como and Lugano, and above all to Saronno, the little pilgrimage church midway between Como and the capital, which possesses a wonderful floral ceiling, a cupola decorated by Gaudenzo Ferrari with a frieze of musical angels, and four large frescoes in the sanctuary by Luini, charming in colour, serenely idyllic in sentiment, and in perfect preservation. On myself, I confess, the sentimentality of Luini soon begins to pall; it is a pose, and it has nothing in common with the naïve sentimentality of the Umbrian painters founded on Christian feeling, which never fails to charm. His supposed spirituality is little more than a mannerism, and so, after a time, his Madonnas and Saints, with their beautiful, demure, oval faces and large eyes, with lids half-closed and enigmatical smiles stereotyped by frequent repetition, cease to excite the rapture with which one first greeted them. But, admirers of Luini or no, no one should miss studying him in the church of the Convento Maggiore, known also as San Maurizio, the interior covered from floor to vaulting with fresco decoration by him and his pupils. In this ancient home of the Milanese Benedictines, there is a double church, one within and one without the enclosure, the high altars of each being placed back to back against the dividing wall. The building, in shape



a long parallelogram, is a singularly beautiful example of Lombard architecture, and has called forth the most unstinted praise from no less eminent a critic than the late John Addington Symonds.

Simple and severe [he writes], S. Maurizio owes its architectural beauty wholly and entirely to purity of line and perfection of proportion. . . . The principal beauty of the church, however, is its tone of colour. Every square inch is covered with fresco or rich woodwork, mellowed by time into that harmony of tints which blends the work of greater or lesser artists in one golden hue of brown. Round the arcades of the convent loggia run delicate arabesques with faces of four female saints—Catherine, Agnes, Lucy, Agatha—gem-like or star-like, gazing from their gallery upon the church below. The Luinesque smile is on their lips and in their eyes, quiet, refined, as though the emblems of their martyrdom brought back no thought of pain to break the Paradise of rest in which they dwell. There are twenty-six in all, a sisterhood of stainless souls, the lilies of Love's garden planted round Christ's throne.<sup>1</sup>

Both in the inner and outer church, Luini himself painted the frescoes that surround the high altar. The nuns' choir, desolate in its empty solitude, has suffered the most from time and damp, and there the noble array of saints and martyrs, large single figures full of dignity and sweetness, emerge but dimly from the stained and crumbling walls. Happily the frescoes on the reverse side are in far better preservation, and in two large lunettes to right and left of the altar we find admirable portraits of Alessandro Bentivoglio and his wife Ippolita Sforza, to whose lavish generosity the nuns were indebted for the decoration of their chapel. These kneeling figures, surrounded by saints, are among the finest Luini ever painted, and possess the interest of historical portraits. Ippolita, a stately matron, kneels in a rich brocade gown between SS. Catherine and Agnes, while St. Scholastica, who stands behind her in a protecting attitude, may well be a portrait of her own daughter, who took the veil in this Benedictine cloister.

When the Brera and the Pezzoli, the Castello and the Ambrosian Library have all been studied, when one has visited some half-dozen churches, and Sant' Ambrogio before all others, when one has sat in melancholy joy before the crumbling *Cenacolo* and has sauntered by the quaint little canal that,

<sup>1</sup> See "Lombard Vignettes," in *Sketches and Studies in Italy*, by J. A. Symonds.

circling round the city, reminds one of Padua, and has realized by repeated visits the splendour of the Cathedral interior as a setting for a great religious function,—even then one need not hurry away from Milan, for it serves as a convenient centre for visiting many a smaller town which no lover of art or archæology will willingly miss, but where the accommodation of the Italian *albergo* may not be wholly to English taste. Monza may be struck out, unless an iron crown and the scene of a regicide be sufficient rewards for an exhausting day, but Saronno with its pilgrimage shrine, and Como for its Cathedral as much as for its scenery, and Chiaravalle for its ruined abbey, will all prove a source of joy. No one will miss the world-famous Certosa, with its marvellous façade—a dream of loveliness—in many-hued marbles, and its sumptuous interior now cold, empty and desolate in its carefully tended magnificence, for the monks are banished and the uniformed official reigns in their stead. Yet if interest can be made in the right quarters, so that one be given a guide to oneself and allowed to penetrate there where the ordinary tourist is met by closed doors, and to linger in the great cloister and to rest and gather flowers in one of the little garden courts, so ingeniously planned that though apparently open, no eye from the outside could invade their privacy, in which every Carthusian walked and meditated at the rear of his tiny dwelling, one's indignation against the Italian powers that be is in some measure pacified. Then from the Certosa there should still be time to go on to Pavia—to which Baedeker does no sort of justice—one of those little sunlit towns so common in Italy and so full of charm, with a colonnaded market-place and enchanting brick churches, and above all with a long covered bridge, dating from the fourteenth century, under which the sluggish Ticino flows lazily, spreading out in stagnant stretches on either side in the mellow afternoon light. Here, on *feste* and summer evenings, the populace congregates to enjoy the breeze that passes over the river-bed, and to gaze upon their own church towers standing out against the sky and the rich brown roofs that come sloping down to the water's edge.

Another town which should be visited without fail, in spite of the discouraging circumstance of slow and highly inconvenient trains, is Bergamo, planted aloft on the first spurs of the Alps, a town with a stirring history of its own, once the home of the Bartolommeo Colleoni whose great bronze statue at Venice

is the supreme creation of Verrocchio. To-day the ancient ramparts are transformed into wide avenues of chestnut-trees, winding upwards to where the citadel and the Cathedral and the solemn palaces of the proud and ancient Bergamasque families gaze southwards over Lombardy. Within the city, tall houses, their wooden balconies toned by time and damp to a deep rich brown, throw the narrow streets into perpetual shadow; without stretches the illimitable sun-lit plain. The Bergamaschi are fully alive to the loveliness of the marble-lined Cappella Colleoni, with the tombs of the great *condottiere* and his daughter Medea; they are proud of their ancient churches, their history, their commanding position, but they express a naïve astonishment at the indefatigable English who alight at their railway station in order to visit that collection of pictures of European fame which bears the name of Morelli, and which the great critic bequeathed to his native city. To the townspeople the Academy of Bergamo is only open on certain Sundays in the year, but for *forestieri* the genial old *custode* is happy to produce his keys at any day or hour.

The Academy has been formed, in point of fact, out of three separate collections, each filling two or three medium-sized rooms, the Lochis, the Carrara, and the Morelli, and even in spite of the splendid array of Moroni portraits, solid dignified men in black habiliments, relieved only by a thin line of white at throat and wrist in Moroni's favourite manner, which constitutes the main feature of the Carrari rooms, in spite, too, of the presence among the Lochis pictures of the beautiful, tender St. Sebastian, one of Raphael's earliest masterpieces, it is yet to the Morelli collection that visitors will usually turn with the greatest ardour. For apart from the intrinsic value of the very beautiful pictures it contains, they serve, as it were, as an object lesson in collecting from the man who may be accepted as the high priest of modern art criticism, as far at least as Italian art is concerned. For we have here what he himself must have loved best and admired most, and, within the limits of purse and opportunity, felt to be best worth acquiring. He confined himself to no particular school or period—we have, for instance, a panel by Lorenzo Monaco, the teacher of Fra Angelico, and a girl's head by the eighteenth century Venetian Longhi, a marvellous study in colour—his aim indeed would seem rather to have been to surround himself with representative examples of the various Italian schools of

painting. Thus Bellini and Cima di Conegliano, Borgognone and Sodoma and Ambrogio de Predis, Pesellino and Lorenzo di Credi, Botticelli and Botticini, who has been so frequently confounded with him, are all here. Of early Umbrians we find Niccolò da Foligno and Perugino's delightful master, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and closely allied to them, Timoteo Viti in a dainty little "St. Margaret." Of portraits we have a sumptuous Venetian lady by Cavazzuola, and heads by Pisanello and Pontormo, and a grave stern-featured Botticellian portrait by that Amico di Sandro whose resuscitation from oblivion we owe to Mr. Berenson. No one will omit a very attractive Madonna and Child by Luini, or, of the same Leonardesque school, an ivy-crowned head of the Child Christ, with hand uplifted in benediction, and a face of exquisite purity and reverence by Beltraffio. If only for these the journey to Bergamo is well worth the making.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

### *Titus Oates at School.*

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MR. POLLOCK'S new history of the Popish Plot, noticed by us in July, introduced some mention of the evidence given by boys from St. Omers College concerning the sojourn amongst them of their notable school-fellow, Titus Oates. The story they told deserves, however, fuller treatment than could then be given it, for, apart from purposes of historical controversy, it is well worth attention on its own account, as furnishing valuable materials for a picture of school-boys and their life two and a quarter centuries ago, in the Seminaries beyond the seas, as also for a portrait of perhaps the most extraordinary as well as the most disreputable scoundrel who has contrived to cut a large figure in our history.

Oates, born an Anabaptist, then successively an Anglican clergyman and a professed convert to the Catholic Church, was in his twenty-ninth year when, in December, 1677, he entered as a scholar at St. Omers. There can be little doubt that his object in seeking admission was to obtain information which might be used against the Catholics and particularly the Jesuits, in whose hands was the direction of the College, and that this was part of a plan concerted between him and the fanatical bigot, Israel Tonge, the real author of the Popish Plot. This was of course unsuspected by the College authorities, but nevertheless his admission was an act of inexcusable imprudence, not to say folly, for having been similarly received six months previously in another Jesuit College, at Valladolid, he had meanwhile been expelled thence for scandalous misbehaviour. He expressed, however, so earnest a desire to become a member of the Society, and to that end to remedy his almost total lack of education,<sup>1</sup> that he imposed on the simplicity of Father Whitebread, the Provincial, whom he afterwards sent to the gallows, and was given another chance. His

<sup>1</sup> He was for a time at Cambridge, but did little good there. His tutor, Dr. Thomas Watson, has left this note concerning him: "He was a great dunce, ran into debt, and being sent away for want of money, never took a degree."

St. Omers career lasted, however, but six months, and in June, 1678, he had to make his exit in the same discreditable fashion as from Valladolid.

The presence at school, as a fellow-student, of a grown man, and one who had been a "parson," would be enough of itself to attract no ordinary amount of attention on the part of school-boys, but in addition Oates' figure was not one that could easily escape notice. As a contemporary writes:<sup>1</sup> "He was a low man, of an ill cut, very short neck, and his visage and features were most particular. His mouth was the centre of his face, and a compass there would sweep his nose, forehead, and chin within the perimeter." As Sir Walter Scott remarks, in *Peveril*, it was but fitting that so commanding a position should be assigned to the organ by means of which he was to rise to eminence. The language issuing from it was calculated to make him even more observable, being habitually foul or indecorous to an extravagant degree, and distinguished withal by an affected pronunciation of his own, which made him talk of "Maay Laird Chaife Justaice," of his worthy confederate, Bedloe, as "Baidlaw," and of his great creation as the "Plaat."<sup>2</sup>

Such characteristics were not likely to be lost upon ingenuous youth, and those amongst his companions who had the opportunity of giving evidence in court in connexion with him, have left some record of their attitude towards him. It will be remembered that such evidence was given to prove that on the 24th of April (O.S.), 1678, when Oates swore that he was present at a treasonable "Consult" of Jesuits in London, he was as a matter of fact in the witnesses' company at St. Omers. This was averred by some sixteen of the scholars, at the trial of the "Five Jesuits" (June 13, 1679), and at that of the Catholic lawyer, Richard Langhorne, on the following day. Six years later (May 8, 1685), when, the tide having turned, Oates was indicted for perjury in this very matter, a still larger number of his former school-fellows, now of course grown to manhood, came forward to give similar testimony, the great majority being different individuals from those who appeared on the former occasion.

Of peculiarities like those mentioned above, we hear most from the second set of witnesses, who were older when they gave their evidence, and further removed from the circumstances to which they spoke. The following are some specimens

<sup>1</sup> Roger North, *Examen*, 225.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 254.

of the characteristics which had impressed themselves on the memory of those who bore their testimony in 1685.

*Attorney General.* Pray do you remember Mr. Oates at St. Omers in the years 77 and 78?

*Lord Gerard, of Bromley.* He was disguised in another habit, and another coloured periwig, the hair was blacker than that he has now,<sup>1</sup> but I remember his face very well, and know him by the tone of his voice, which was very remarkable. . . . I remember particularly upon the 25th of March [1678] there was a new lector to be reader of the Sodality,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Oates desiring it he was appointed to read. . . . I heard him read that I do remember several Sundays and holidays, . . . and I can the better remember it, because he had a particular cant in his tone, which all men may know which ever conversed with him.

Another witness on the same occasion, Turberville, had still more details to give :

He was not absent above one night in January that I can remember from his first coming, for it was impossible that he should be absent and not missed, he sitting at a distinct table by himself [at meals], and his conversation being so remarkable for a great many ridiculous actions, and a great many pretty jests that he used, so that he was like a silly person, as I may call him, that used to make sport, and nobody could be missed so soon as he. And I saw a little boy in the College beat him up and down with a fox's tail. Indeed, my Lord, all his actions were very remarkable : I see him very abusive to persons that lived with him in the College, and Mr. Oates could not be a person of this note but all the world must take notice of him, and all that knew him must miss him if he were away. . . . I was a person then the youngest in the whole company, and Mr. Oates being very abusive to me, I did what became me to right myself upon him.

The witness Doddington declared :

In general his conversation and canting stories after dinner and supper and times of recreation made him so remarkable that nobody could miss him all the time he was there. My Lord, he was so remarkable by his stories and ridiculous actions and falling out with everyone of the college, that if he had been absent we must needs have missed him.

One point which seems to have attracted much attention on the part of those who had known Oates at school and were thus able to judge of his qualifications, was the mysterious

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott, describing Oates' appearance in 1679, says, "A fleece of white periwig showed a most portentous visage. . . ."

<sup>2</sup> A pious congregation among the elder boys.



Doctor's degree under which he paraded himself, alleging that he had obtained it at Salamanca, where it was clearly proved he had never been.<sup>1</sup> One of the most lively witnesses in 1685, was Mr. Haggerstone, who at once introduced this topic.

*Att. Gen.* Mr. Haggerstone, will you acquaint my Lord and the jury were you at St. Omers in the year 1678 with Mr. Oates?

*Haggerstone.* Yes, I was, my Lord, I had the honour to be of the same bench with the Doctor of Salamanca.

*L.C.J. [Jeffreys].* You mean you were of the same class with him.

*Haggerstone.* Yes, my Lord, of the same class.

*L.C.J.* In what form were you?

*Haggerstone.* In the same bench with Doctor Oates, in the Rhetoric Form.<sup>2</sup> . . . He asked me concerning our school-fellow, Mr. Hilsley, who was then gone from the College, whether I had heard anything from him since he went away, and he spoke of an indisposition he had, for which he prescribed him medicine of poppy, and he thought it would do his business effectually.

*L.C.J.* Who said so?

*Haggerstone.* The Doctor of Salamanca, he was called Sampson Lucy in the College, and likewise he forbid him to chew tobacco, which he used to do very much; he was called Titus Ambrosius, he had twenty names.

*Att. Gen.* Can you remember by any particular token he was there in April or May?

*Haggerstone.* He spoke to me on the 29th of April, New Style, and told me there was a craving Englishman had been there to beg an alms, and there was a collection made for him among the scholars, but he said he would give him nothing, for he told me he had been cheated by such an one of some pieces of eight in Spain; . . . and I heard him about that time preach a pleasant sermon, for he would undertake sometimes to preach, and he said in it, that the late King Charles II. halted between two opinions, and a stream of Popery went between his legs, . . . and he had some pretty reflections in his sermon about Toby's dog wagging his tail.

As to Oates' position in the school, we hear something from a witness, Thornton. Whilst he was under examination the following dialogue occurred:

<sup>1</sup> On this subject Dryden wrote:

The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where,  
And gave him his Rabbinical degree,  
Unknown to foreign University.

(*Abraham and Achitophel.*)

<sup>2</sup> In the Seminaries abroad, the highest class—corresponding to the Sixth Form—was called "Rhetoric," and those below it "Poetry," "Syntax," and "Grammar." This nomenclature is preserved in the existing Colleges which perpetuate the life of these Seminaries, as at Stonyhurst, the lineal descendant of St. Omers.



*Oates.* He says he went to school with me there, I think, my Lord.

*Thornton.* No, I say I was in the same College.

*L.C.J.* [to Oates]. But not in the same class, for it seems you were in the Rhetoric Form, and he in the Syntax.

*Thornton.* My Lord, he went there by reason of his age, and upon no other account: he might have gone elsewhere with us who were of a lower form, for any great store of learning he had.

One Dorrel testified to the same effect:

My Lord, in April, 1678, I came from Brussels to England, where presently after I came I was with one Mr. Osbourn and my mother, and there was a discourse between my mother and him about religion. . . . My mother was laughing at his religion and telling him some ridiculous stories, and he replied that there are a great many that are so ignorant, that are bred up in the religion of the Church of England, that they are forced to be sent to the colleges abroad to be taught, even some of the clergy of that Church, and particularized in one, Sampson Lucy, *alias* Oates, that was a scholar at that time at St. Omers, as he was assured by a gentleman that was newly come from thence.

Of this, Mr. Osbourn himself told more:

My Lord, I went out of town the 30th of April, the year before the pretended Plot was discovered by Mr. Oates, and I met with Mr. Hilsley two or three days before, and inquiring of him about the affairs of St. Omers, he told me of a minister of the Church of England that was come thither to be a student there, who went under the name of Sampson Lucy, but his right name was Oates. I asked him what he pretended to; did he intend to be of that Order? He told me, he did believe that he would not be admitted, for his irregular and childish behaviour, and that he left him in the College. . . .

As a natural result of all this, Oates seems to have had rather a lively time of it, and to have been treated with scant deference by the youngsters in whose ranks he had enlisted. To them, in spite of his age, as he followed the same exercises, he was a "boy" like themselves, and liable to be treated accordingly. His status was lucidly explained to Chief Justice Scroggs, at the first trial, by Thomas Palmer, one of the witnesses fresh from St. Omers:

*L.C.J.* When did you see Master Oates?

*Palmer.* I saw him the first day of May, New Style, and I know it for a particular reason; there were strangers dined at the College that day, whereupon Master Oates and several other boys played at ninepins in the afternoon. I saw them.

*L.C.J.* Why, you do not count all boys there, do you?

*Palmer.* All but those that are the Religious.

*L.C.J.* Why, you did not count Master Oates a boy, did you?

*Palmer.* He was none of the Religious. He sat indeed at a table by himself, but he went to school with the boys, and we called all the scholars boys.

Of the above mentioned game of nine-pins more was heard at the subsequent trial, from a witness who had some cause to remember it.

*Beeston.* My Lord, I saw him on the first of May <sup>[April 21  
May 1.]</sup> at St. Omers, where he played at nine-pins, and I laid a wager upon the same side that he did, and lost my money as well as he.

A witness at Langhorne's trial—in the account of which names as a rule are not given—described this same historic game as "kittle-pins;" adding that Oates' antagonist was a lay-brother, and that they played in view of all the College.

Of Oates' position at a table by himself in the refectory, where masters and boys dined together, we hear a good deal from the witnesses on both occasions, and incidentally something of the formalities required of the boys there, and other particulars. Thus, in 1685:

*Solicitor Gen.* Did you observe him at dinner there constantly?

*Conway* (al. *Parry*). Yes, he sat by himself.

*Sol. Gen.* How came that to pass?

*Conway.* He sat at a little table in the hall by himself, for he pretended being a man in years he could not diet as the rest of the young students did, and therefore obtained leave to sit alone at a little table by himself, and he sat next to the table of the Fathers, to which all the students were to make their reverence before they sat down.

*L.C.J.* Was he absent till June?

*Clement Smith.* No, my Lord, for I will tell you, I every day dined with him, eat a collation with him in the afternoon, and breakfast and supped in the same refectory during all that time, excepting when he or I were in the infirmary.

*L.C.J.* Did not he miss his breakfast at any time all that while?

*Smith.* If he did, we used to inquire after him.

The distinction of place accorded to him did not of course hinder reprisals provoked by his behaviour towards "the other boys." We have already been told how a little boy beat him up and down with a fox's brush,—but others also practised upon him and with instruments which must have been considerably

more effective. The witness Conway (or Parry) for example related this experience :

I remember him on the Thursday in Mid-Lent ; the scholars in the College had a particular recreation, which they call "Sawing of the Witch," and Mr. Oates was among them, and I was one of them that broke a pan about his head for recreation.<sup>1</sup>

A graphic description of another misadventure of the Doctor was furnished in 1679, by Thomas Billing, in the following narrative.

*L.C.J.* Did you see him once in two or three days?

*Billing.* Yes, my Lord, I did constantly. And upon the 2nd of May [*i.e.*, <sup>April 22</sup> ~~May 2~~] I very particularly remember, looking out into the garden, I saw Mr. Blunt [Burnaby] in the garden and Mr. Oates with him. And observing him to be very intimately familiar with him, I asked some that were with me, Does this Sampson, for he went by that name in the College, says I, does Sampson know Dick Blunt? No, said they; and we wondered at his confidence, having no greater acquaintance. I saw him that day, walking in the garden with that Blunt.

*L.C.J.* And he was constantly in this gentleman's company that day?

*Billing.* Yes, and moreover the same day this Sampson was walking with one John Rushton in the garden, and seeing me walk alone, Thomas, says he, have you never a companion? No, Sampson, said I. Well, said he, pri'thee come to us. So I was with him walking a little while, and then this Blunt and one Henry Howard were playing one with another, throwing stones at one another's shins; at which he was displeased and said if they would not be quiet he would go and tell the Rector. Howard was hasty and spoke angrily to him, and said if he would not be quiet he would beat him; but Mr. Oates persisting and daring of him, says he, What, do you dare me? and comes up to him and throws up Mr. Oates his heels. With that Mr. Oates looked very fretfully upon him, and withdrew himself into the infirmary, as we thought to speak to the Rector. And by these particulars, and such as these, I remember to have seen him every day, one day with another, or every other day, at St. Omers, till he went away, which was in June.

It must be noted that the youth who treated the future Doctor so unceremoniously, was no other than the same

<sup>1</sup> "Sawing the Witch" was of old a recognized Mid-Lent sport, the figure of an old woman, representing the penitential season, being finally cut in two to signify that "the term divides." Hone (*Everyday Book*, col. 36) mentions this as an English custom, and names Mid-Lent Sunday as the date of its observance. More properly, however, the Thursday preceding, still known in France as *Mi-Carême*, was the day, and this, as we learn from the above testimony, was kept at St. Omers. In "Doblado's" (*i.e.*, Blanco White's) *Letters from Spain* (pub. 1822) the practice is described as still flourishing in the Peninsula.

Haggerstone whose evidence at the later trial we have already seen. Oates having then asked, by what name the witness went at St. Omers, the latter replied: "I went by the name of Harry Howard; my mother was a Howard, Doctor."

Oates seems, in fact, to have been constantly in the wars, and to judge by the above instance, was but ill-qualified to defend himself against those whom he provoked. Almost any occasion would appear to have given him a chance of displaying his temper. Thus we hear from Parry, in 1679, that being in the infirmary, on the very day that he swore, he set out for England to take part in the famous "Consult," he signalized his presence there, inasmuch as "He did there fall out with a gentleman that was in the infirmary too." So, again, on the same occasion, Palmer was able to fix his presence by sundry particulars:

The second of May [<sup>April 22</sup><sub>May 2</sub>] I saw him at the Action;<sup>1</sup> the fifth of May [<sup>April 25</sup><sub>May 5</sub>] Master Killingbeck<sup>2</sup> went away and I saw Master Oates actually there then. . . . The eleventh day [May <sup>1</sup>/<sub>11</sub>] we had an Action, a Play also, whereupon there was a particular place for the musicians to play in, where no one else was to sit; Master Oates would sit there, and thereupon there was one Master Watson quarrelled with him, and they had like to have fought.

According to another witness, Price (in 1685), Watson actually "beat him."

Such dramatic and musical entertainments seem to have played a considerable part in the life of the school. With regard to that of May 2nd, above mentioned, one of the performers gave the following particulars.

*Beeston.* I saw him the second of May, by the same token that I met him in the College that day, when our school [class] exhibited an Action in the Hall, and I met him after supper. Now in this Action I had both acted and sung, and they came and congratulated me for my singing. Mr. Oates said, if I had paid for learning to sing I had been basely cheated.

Oates evidently took no part in these "Actions" and could not have done so, for, after the manner of the time, plays in the College were acted in Latin,<sup>3</sup> which language the boys were

<sup>1</sup> A public exhibition given by some of the boys.

<sup>2</sup> *Al. Poole.*

<sup>3</sup> In a Stonyhurst prologue of 1799, when the tradition of St. Omers was still comparatively recent, we read, *apropos* of a play about to be exhibited:

English! The very thought on't makes me sick;  
Our sires in Latin flourished, or in Greek.

trained to speak, and this was evidently quite beyond his powers. One attempt of his to talk Latin is recorded by a witness in 1685 as having impressed itself upon his companions. Of the same visit to the infirmary of which we have heard, we have the following :

*Clement Smith.* [He] continued there two or three days, and I remember it particularly by this circumstance, that he proposed a question to the physician about himself in Latin, and spoke a solecism, which was this, he said, *Si placet Dominatio Vestra.*

*Oates.* Who did say so ?

*L. C. J. [Jeffreys].* You did, he says, speak that false Latin to the doctor.

*Oates.* That's false Latin indeed.

*L. C. J.* We know that, but it seems it was your Latin.

One public function alone was Oates allowed to exercise, namely, that of reader in the chapel, into which, as related above, he seems to have thrust himself. For his subsequent purposes this was unfortunate, as it made his presence or absence more noticeable, and consequently told heavily against him when indicted for perjury. In the exercise of this office he evidently kept up his character, and did his best to turn the whole thing into discredit, by smuggling in and reading "a ridiculous book," as the witness Thornton called it, or as he himself described it, "a pleasant book, called *The Contempt of the Clergy.*" "He was remarkable in the house," added Thornton, "by twenty ridiculous passages."

We are thus able to form some idea of the absurdity of the story told by Oates, and believed, with such fatal consequences by the whole nation, that he had been specially singled out by orders from Rome, to be entrusted with a treasonable secret of the highest import, and thus to have it in his power to consign men wholesale to the gallows. As Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys not unfairly put it, from the evidence produced, "Mr. Oates was, it seems, the buffoon to the Society, or, as I may call him, the Jack-pudding to the College, that used to make them sport, and was guilty of so many ridiculous things that they could not but put particular remarks upon him : " and such, Jeffreys went on to observe, was not the sort of person whom any one possessing a grain of sense would choose for a confidant in so critical a case.

Certainly, such an idea never suggested itself to the shrewd youngsters with whom he was thrown, and who formed a far

truer opinion of the relations between him and his Superiors. It was the talk of the whole place, said Mr. William Gerard, that when the Provincial returned from England, after the Congregation (or "Consult"), Oates was sure to be dismissed, with severe reprehension "for his many miscarriages."

With regard to this same Congregation, it is instructive to find that Oates showed much anxiety to discover what sort of a thing it was, as though he already saw in it a means that might be turned to good account for his purpose. His companions, or some amongst them, appear to have known a good deal as to its real nature. Thus the witness Clavering, having mentioned the departure of some Fathers to attend the Congregation in England, went on to say :

He asked me particularly, What was done at the Congregation ?

*L.C.J.* Did Oates ask that question ?

*Clavering.* Yes, my Lord, he did.

*L.C.J.* How came he to inquire after it ?

*Clavering.* I was talking to him, and he said to me, "Know you nothing what the business is that they are to do at the Congregation ?"

Said I, "Mr. Lucy, I know not what they do ; I think not much ; for I hear at these meetings many times they stay an hour or two, and have done when they have chosen their Procurator."

So again :

*Oates.* Pray, my Lord, ask this gentleman, whether he did not know or hear of a Consult of Jesuits that was to be in April, '78, and from whom he heard it ?

*W. Gerard.* My Lord, I know it is the custom of the Fathers of that Order to have a Congregation once in three years, about the affairs of their Society, but then no person is admitted to be one of that Congregation, but them that have been eighteen years Jesuits, and he not having been so much as a novice, I know not how, if he had been here, he could have been present at it.

*Oates.* Pray, my Lord, ask him this question, how he knows that to be the rule ?

*W. Gerard.* You or any man may read them in their books.

Although the St. Omers evidence did not avail when originally presented to stem the tide of popular passion and panic, and could not save the lives of the "Five Jesuits," or of Langhorne, on whose behalf it was offered, there can be no doubt it made a considerable impression, and prepared the way for the first signal check encountered by Oates, in the acquittal of Sir George Wakeman and three Benedictines a month later.



It is very remarkable that at such an age these youths should have been able to play their part so effectively, not losing their heads amid the rough experiences of a law court of the period, especially one under the leading of Sir William Scroggs, and while telling their story with the greatest simplicity, being always ready to meet the objections—frequently very captious ones—which were brought against them. For example :

*L.C.J.* What month did you see him ?

*Fall.* When he first came, as I remember, it was at Christmas.

*L.C.J.* Christmas last ?

*Fall.* No, it was Christmas was twelve-month, Christmas, 1677.

*L.C.J.* How long did you see him there ?

*Fall.* I saw him there from that time till June, only when he was at Watten.

*L.C.J.* Was he never sick ?

*Fall.* I saw him in the infirmary myself.

*L.C.J.* How can you tell when a man is sick ?

*Fall.* I do not pretend to that, but he was in the infirmary as a sick man.

And in connexion with his office of reader, already mentioned :

*Billing.* He says he was eight days in England, but he could not have been so, for he entered himself into the Sodality the 25th of March, and not long after his admission he was put to read every Sunday morning at 6 o'clock. And after that he began once to read, he never was absent from that time till the time he went away.

*L.C.J.* Why, did he read when he was sick.

*Billing.* He was not sick upon the Sunday.

We also find that some questions which we may be inclined to suppose quite novel were, at least occasionally, agitated in those days as in our own. Thus, in the trial of 1685 :

*Oates.* What religion is this gentleman of ?

*Clavering.* I am a Catholic.

*Oates.* A Roman Catholic you mean, I suppose.

*Clavering.* Yes, I always understood it so, Mr. Oates.

The idea certainly suggests itself that the education they received, though according to present ideas quite unscientific, had somehow succeeded in training the minds of these boys very effectually.

J. G.

### *Terr'neuvvas.*<sup>1</sup>

THE most characteristic season of the year in a place with a "Season," is the time least known to the multitude, when the commercial influence of strangers is absent, and the cherished, indigenous life dares to step forth. Yarns and legends are meted out to the travellers who buy painted shells at exorbitant prices; for the indigenous life to live off in winter. So to become acquainted with the country-side of St. Malo, the Pays Gallot, which can rightly be termed a county of Brittany, you must needs dwell there, not in summer, but from All Souls to Easter. In these months the Terr'neuvvas come back, spreading an unsavoury stench of salt cod and bad cod over the country; in these months they gather again and go away to Newfoundland; the high tides fling spray over the ramparts and may sometimes rise to the gates of the town; Carnival comes, the biggest fairs occur. May, maiden month preceding summer, of early sunshine and flowers and blossoming orchards, is unknown to the fisher from the time he leaves his home a child of twelve or thirteen, until he returns at seventy, too old to work on the Banks—if he ever reach that age at all.

Now the Archbishop makes a special *tournée* for the Terr'neuvvas before they start. Formerly, it often happened that an old fellow was to be found amongst the children for Confirmation, not having been at home at the season of Confirmations for fifty-six years.

In February gather outside the ramparts those little booths, so poor, so weather-worn that they barely hold together—a couple of stray men with a meagre woman in pink woollen tights clanging cymbals; *nos petits animaux*, an old grimy clown and his daughters, who perform a few gymnastics on a trapeze, and further exhibit some cages of birds and monkeys. *Bête-en-tout*, whose jokes are of the coarsest, and who has wretched marionets, the little roundabout and the gaudy lotteries, and,

<sup>1</sup> Terre-neuviers, Newfoundland fishers from the coast of Brittany.



of course, opportunities for gambling—where the Terr'neuvas contrive to squander a goodly portion of the money they touch before setting sail. From all corners of the country they assemble to seek engagement, coming with their wives and mothers when they have such, who luckily maintain a restraining influence over them, and who come to secure as reasonable a sum as possible to live on during the summer months. But the sum is often totally insufficient. They come in, family after family, with their concertinas, their straw beds and their wooden chests, new hammered and painted to stand yet another journey, made known by their blue clothes and the bright handkerchiefs round their necks, the costumes of the women, such as are not easily met with at any other time,—they come to stow their belongings on board the *goëlettes* for which they have been engaged. But by far the greater number come *en masse* when the big steamers leave for St. Pierre, each taking nine hundred or so of men. Drinking, brawling, timorous, assertive, loud-tongued, melancholy, with dark, sad faces, or in maudlin joviality, they rove about, trying to be amused. In the docks, on the quays, is the prodigious activity of many ships loading, and the forest of masts thins as every day one or two *goëlettes* set sail and disappear where the sun sinks.

There is no life, perhaps, more wretched, nor more eyed askance than the life of the Terr'neuva, so incompatible with the temperament of the people engaged in it; and it is typical of the stagnant inactivity of French populations that until quite recently not a finger was stirred to save him from the vice and misery into which he is so easily led, and the late effort, it must be owned, has not been wholly successful. The Bretons proper are a seafaring people, and accept the sea's uncertainty with the stern endurance common to coast-dwellers. But these men are not entirely Bretons, they are Gallot, the hot-tempered, impatient, laughter-loving people of a smiling country, foreign to the mists of the Newfoundland banks. The melancholy faces of the true Bretons are vivid exceptions among them.

Until the time of their First Communion, they live at home in the orchards of the Pays Gallot,<sup>1</sup> or in the little towns nestling on the borders of the Rance, where on summer days the tink, tink of primitive boat-building rises in the still air. Life in the untidy villages and farms is not prosperous, neither is the fare

<sup>1</sup> That part of Brittany where Breton has never been spoken, where indeed the people are not purely Celtic, but of mixed blood.

otherwise than meagre, for the thrift of the peasant is a negative quality, inducing him to exist in discomfort on sixpence rather than hazard the possibility of comfort on a franc. In their own settlements, often inland (as the Terr'neuvas do not necessarily come from the coast), thrift is not, except such as is compassed by the women. But these early years are a cherished memory afterwards. Many summer days spent singing in the fields, harvests of buck-wheat, whose red stalk is characteristic of Brittany in early autumn, many cider-seasons when the fragrance of apples is abroad in the land, marriages and dances, yea, and funerals, processions of the *Fête-Dieu* and of the Assumption, come back to the man who later never sees the summer of his country, yet to whom sunshine is so necessary. Sometimes, when he starts in March, the sun does indeed ride high in the heavens, and straight from this glimpse of French sunshine he goes to the rolling mists and fogs of the Newfoundland banks. When he returns, his own country is the prey of corrupting autumn; he returns to the silvery silence of November, the month of the dead.

What strikes one is the excessive loss amongst the Terr'neuvas. Five or six ships are wrecked or lost every year; the little flat-bottomed doris, holding two or three men, drift away and are never seen again; the steamers carrying round letters call and call again the name of a ship until the call is lost in silence, and this is the first intimation to its brethren that this ship has disappeared; others are shattered in storms, sometimes already on the homeward route. Every year the widows are many, many the destitute mothers, and many the children who have lost, or have never seen their fathers. For the first thing a Terr'neuva arrived at the years of discretion does is usually to marry. The *état-civil* of the papers is amusing at this season—*marin, marin, marin*, appear week after week, almost without exception, after the male names. The unmarried fisher's plight is feared by such as have seen and have no wish to share it. The unmarried Terr'neuva lurks in the bad places of ports, in the narrow ways of St. Malo where decent folk do not dare to pass at night, living as he can, where he may, killing time,—*parbleu!* he says. He has perhaps no family at all, the State offers him no shelter nor any inducement to live otherwise, or else he boards with some miller, farmer, peasant in his native village. These will not take in his box, neither will they tolerate his seafaring

clothes nor mend them; they, so little dainty, will not have the pestilent things inside their houses. The winter's boarding is paid for by what he touches in March, which is sometimes insufficient. What he further makes depends upon a good or a bad fishing season, and sometimes after all on his return he finds himself but the richer of the few baskets of fish that are his perquisite. Moreover, this board is often nothing more nor less than a system of exploitation; he does not know how much he is paying, being encouraged by a plausible landlord into expenses that "will be made all right" he is told, and he willingly listens. Since the laws do not permit the creditors to approach the *armateurs*, the men themselves are bound by hook or crook to produce every farthing owing, as hands are laid on them the moment they receive their pay by insistent traders. They frequently have difficulty in preserving enough for the necessary outfit. On the other hand, the peasants, naturally hospitable, will feed and keep the life in a creature who cannot repay them, and has the slenderest connection with them. Did not Mari'cynthe Gingat—grumbling the while it is true (for nothing wrings a groan from the bucolic so much as a pull on his purse-strings)—house and nurse *le petit* Jean-Marie who, dying, was buried becomingly by her efforts and M. le Recteur's?

Only a certain number of the Terr'neuvias are really sailors, merely the crews of the boats; the majority are salters and fishers, all embraced under their *patois* name, "pelletôts,"<sup>1</sup> which is not, however, the most endearing of terms. The crews go out with the boats, and are the first to start, the others leave *en masse* with the steamers; but by order of the *armateur* or else to seek engagement at St. Pierre-et-Miquelon, it often happens that some precede the steamers, crowded on to the *goëlettes*, a boat being made to contain some hundred more than it can conveniently carry. Stored no matter how, idle, underfed, and unhappy, they start handicapped; drunken and mischievous, ready to break out in riot at any moment, as has often happened to such serious extent that all spirits are now severely forfeited, and with no better corrective than that pervading memory of home, which perhaps—who knows?—not one will see again.

What wonder if the sad mothers crooning over their cradles

<sup>1</sup> I cannot vouch for this spelling; the pronunciation is *pele'taw*.

put these words into the mouths of their children, in rough and simple rhymes, springing not from art but sentiment :

We have seen our brother start,  
Singing loud to ease his heart.  
Drinking the tears from his eyes  
With the cider of good-byes.  
The ocean will console him O,  
Lou, lo.  
Sing, lou, lo, deridero !

We have seen our gentle mothers,  
Weeping, weeping for our brothers,  
And when comes our turn to go  
They will weep for us also.  
The ocean—will croon o'er us O,  
Lou, lo.  
Sing, lou, lo, deridero !

And here is a verse or two from the "Complaint of the Children," when they have fled from the rest; "graviers" they are then, who prepare the cod for salting :

The travail is surely too hard upon you,  
Poor little *graviers*,—when do you rest ?  
We work twenty hours of the twenty-four through,  
We are waked by a blow, where our mothers caress'd.

When no one loves you nor listens to you,  
Poor little *graviers*,—how do you thrive ?  
In the bottle rests ever a kind drop or two,  
It is when we have drunk that we feel most alive.

Does the misery of it not overcome you  
Poor little *graviers*,—when you return ?  
Why no, as our fathers did thus do we too,  
And tread where we trod must our children in turn.

The welfare of each, and most especially the "*graviers*," depends upon the *armateur* and the degree of brutality in the captain. Some of the stories that reach the ears of God-fearing citizens when some exceeding cruelty comes up in the papers, are almost unbelievable, shedding a sudden light into the bunks of the fishers, revealing them in their unvarnished reality. So, not long ago, to take an instance that will stand repeating, a man brought a case against his captain for hanging him up by the wrists to the yard-arm for hours without food, for laziness. The captain did not deny it. Under a good captain, let us say an average captain, things can be bad without reaching these

lengths ; but also, of course, the captain is not the only delinquent.

If no man can easily surpass the high civilization of the polished Frenchman, it were equally difficult to surpass the brutality of the uneducated. Particularly when religion is torn from its naturally strong hold on his nature, involving at the same time the destruction of that—sentimentality if you will—by which he can always be moved, up-rooting his domestic qualities, he sinks to an inextricable depth of animalism. The Terr'neuva on the whole does not fall as ready a victim as the bucolic, nor yet he again as the apprentices of some trades. The Terr'neuva is after all simpler ; he preserves the memories of his childhood, he is face to face with the power of the sea and the awe of it, the possibility of death is never far from his sight. He is naïf, and he is buoyed by the hope of his faith. How often it happens, when a boat comes back, that the first act of the crew is to go in barefooted pilgrimage in accomplishment of a vow ; or else it is only a remnant miraculously saved, that, with veiled heads, so that the women may not see who is and who is not there, go together in remembrance of those that have not come back, offering thanks for their own escape. Country churches are invaded by the unpleasant odour of salt fish, undisturbed by which the *recteur* sits to receive his children returned. Then again, before they leave, a retreat is preached for them, to which they come steadfastly, six or seven hundred together ; and in the days when Jean-Marie de la Mennais was the great missionary of Brittany, it was fishers and Terr'neuvas that followed him over from Cancale to St. Servan after a Mission, headed by their clergy, followed by their women, to hear yet a word from a beloved pastor before setting sail. On the quays at the time of departure, in the lids of the chests, opened that the *douaniers* may search for the forbidden cognac, are to be seen the Terr'neuvas' cherished keepsakes. They are medals and paper flowers bought and given at fairs ; a sprig of laurel from last Palm Sunday ; the portrait of an actress, a ballet-dancer off some match-box ; and that other picture, dating from his First Communion or given him by his mother, his *fiancée*, a picture of Notre Dame des Flots, or of Notre Dame de Lourdes, and sprawled big underneath the whole by some one who can write, *O Marie, protégez vos enfants*.

The priests speak of these inconsequent sheep of their

flocks with the indulgent kindness which the French, and particularly the French priest, can so consummately express. "They are eager to confess when they come back, even the worst will come to us. Oh! always the same thing, *faire le mal*, so ignorantly committed often enough, and so innocently avowed! We set them to say their two prayers, *et voilà!* they go away with good intentions—until next time. A *Pater* and an *Ave*, that is their *repertoire*. Although it is wonderful sometimes how much they remember of their catechism, when you consider the little we see of them after they reach twelve or thirteen, and the little time we have for patching them up. When all is said and done, not so bad as some others who know better, our poor lads—not all"—is reluctantly admitted in conclusion.

A year or two ago, a priest, then *vicair*e in one of the surrounding parishes, whom let us call M. le Goffic, was much given to loitering on the quays when the Terr'neuvas arrived and when they went away. "Why do you not come with us?" suggested a captain, an invitation repeated until M. le Goffic sailed away one year in a *goëlette*. After a season or two's experience, he returned, crippled with rheumatism, his hands ulcerated from helping the salters when the work was heaviest, to rouse the attention of authority on behalf of the Terr'neuvas. He spoke of English organization, English homes, English mission-steamers. He attracted attention to the plight of the French fishers. In the meantime he went out with them, worked with them when need be, sang their songs, played their concertina, said their Mass, and wrote their letters. Subscription lists augmented fast, but there followed the inevitable check when things were taken out of the hands of their original promoters, and passed from the design of practical experience to the theories of charitable busy-bodies. A squabble rose amongst the subscribers, the collection was taken out of M. le Goffic's hands, his original plan of a big club-house in St. Pierre, with efficient doctoring and nursing and amusements, was superseded by a desire for a mission-boat. He replied that a boat would be admirable, if a good, fast, commodious steamer was meant by "boat," otherwise the club was the most crying necessity. After this, affairs were wafted further and further away from him, and he indeed voluntarily retired; two small mission-boats were built, simply three-masted *goëlettes*, the first of which did but barely arrive before it



met with disaster, as he had foreseen. The second is now in the hands of the Fathers of the Assumption. M. le Goffic has no longer anything to do with the Terr'neuvas. This is regrettable, inasmuch as that he was a man eminently after their own heart. A stalwart man, with a straightforward glance and the frank joviality of a mastiff, suited one would have thought to head the rough flock to which he would have been ready to devote himself. But Providence decreed otherwise.

Speaking of him, recalls also the last time he was seen to leave on one of those steamers that each transported some nine hundred fishers. Sometimes there is a day or two's interval between the departures, but on this occasion they went together, doubling the ordinary concourse on the quays.

Until the last minute the hundreds were not on board, they were in a seething swarm in and about the town, or endeavouring to evade the *gensdarmes* who searched the corner of every *café*. Some, with false noses on, much *café à trois couleurs* inside, were still careering round on the little *carrousel* at the Grand Porte, singing uproariously to drown regret. Maudlin the greater number of them without a doubt, convoyed by the women, stern, shrewd women, whose life is anxiety and sorrow, and who were responsible for seeing their sons and husbands safely on board. Some young Cancellais, handsome, black-browed, typical fish-wives, still twirled in a last dance, banded jokes and sent a hundred last messages. The two steam monsters sent forth three warning bellows, and the crowd came surging round them, singing, swearing, weeping, kissing, while those now on board essayed to play jigs on concertinas, but fell one and all into melancholy Breton wails, whose sound rose above the hubbub. There was an ever recurrent exclamation and crash as the four *douaniers* and *gensdarmes* at the gangway found and confiscated the forbidden bottle on every three men out of five. Others, pressed by the crowd along the side of the ship, sought to smuggle to their comrades already on board, but the chaplain's eye was on them. Turning an instant from the group of friends there to see him off, he cried out, "Anatole! Jean-Marie! and you there, what are you about, my lads? It will only be found after we've started——" Another crash and an old woman flung her apron over her head. "They've found it! it was the best cognac too! I wish I'd kept it!"

The roar of voices was stupendous, threaded by the whine of concertinas, dominated by the shrill orders on board, and

the panting of the steamers. Now the belated laggards come lurching and elbowing through the knots of on-lookers.

A sudden cessation of noises, a moment of intense attention as first one, then the other steamer swung slowly away; then the women, one and all, streamed off, and the quays, after many hours of the stifling concourse of hundreds, became totally deserted. The women had gone to congregate at the outlying nose of the breakwater, and were there waiting for the steamers to pass out of harbour, quite silent, long since accustomed to this yearly exodus, yearly anxiety, expectation, and, to some one or other amongst them, grief. Their black clothes and white caps of divers quaint shapes gave them that conventual appearance peculiar to Breton peasantry, and suggesting the mourning that is never absent from them.

In silence they watched the vessels come and pass, on board the men crowded together, looking at them. Suddenly the black silhouette of the chaplain stood out against the bright sky; he raised his wide-brimmed hat. "Courage, *mes gars!* *Allons*—all together—

Ave, Maris Stella."

The chorus of baritones responded, and as the boats dropped into the distance, the sound of singing voices still reached the listening women, lying along the breeze over the water—

"Felix cœli porta."

C. NICHOLSON.

### *A Frame and a Picture.*

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IT stood in an earthly paradise in the shadow of the great hills. Half a mile below at its feet was the town, the noble tower of the parish church framed as in a picture by the enclosure trees. Beyond the town the sea stretching to a wide horizon, over whose edge the ships go down to the beautiful shores of France.

The colours of the sea were wonderful, not only rich but infinitely varied. The dull green of winter storms or the dazzling lines of breakers lashed by a March east wind are common to all seas, but the tints in summer-time are those of Devonshire alone. Then the surface lies so smooth and still that you imagine you could almost walk on it, and its broad expanse assumes every colour from the deep blue of the Mediterranean to indigo, violet, apple green, and even orange and crimson. Every passing cloud that crosses the blue sky above is faithfully reflected in the deep water, while the red rocks and golden sands which lie below blend some of their own colour in the whole.

Sometimes in the morning sunlight the sea used to shine through the leaves before my window like a plate of steel, which as the shadows lengthened towards evening changed to burnished gold. At other times when the moon rose in a cloudless sky, the surface of the bay was like a carpet of the palest blue imaginable, across which you might fancy a silver track had been laid up to our Lady's feet.

The coast is worthy of the sea. To the right and left extend dark red cliffs behind which the wild moorland rises. There are headlands enclosing bays in which many a fleet might lie at anchor, and little rivers just navigable by vessels of light burden at high tide. They look peaceful enough now flowing between the hills, but up them once crept the terrible Danes in their long ships, and when once they had been seen on the horizon not many remained at nightfall to tell the tale.

Far on the left near the skyline the eye catches a gleam of brightness in the cliffs. That is the extreme edge of the county where the chalk begins, "that pale, that white-faced shore" of the south coast which seems to have been the only one that Shakspeare had ever seen.

Coast and Channel however are but a small part of the beauty of the surroundings. Behind the house is the moor rising eight hundred feet above the sea. It is a great expanse of table-land, not flat, but rising and falling in hills and hollows over which for miles the eye can trace the highroad showing white against the heather, and climbing ridge after ridge till it disappears over the topmost one of all. Beyond the summit in the fertile valley of the Exe lies the old cathedral city, once the capital of the west. It played a great part in old days, and even tried to meet the Conqueror himself on equal terms. But those days are gone and with them the old faith, and perambulators prowl about the precincts trod by Grandison and Stapledon.

There is other scenery yet. Towards the south-west the plateau ends abruptly at the edge of a second valley in which the Teign flows between wooded banks. Here fresh colours meet the eye. Instead of brown heather is light green pasture and dark green meadow and red plough-land. The country, too, is full of trees, and in May, when the light shines through the still tender leaves and the fruit-trees are in blossom, it deserves its name of garden of England.

This is the setting of the picture; but what of the picture itself? After all, the peacefulness and beauty of nature, though real, would move us little if they were not an echo of our own happiness and peace. But it is in a monastery that true happiness is to be found if anywhere on earth. It is fraternal charity which is the standing miracle of the religious life. In this case it was fifty people differing in age and character and bringing up, and yet living together, not only without discord, but with a true fraternal charity which would put many a family joined by blood-relationship to shame. Where is the secular community whatever its numbers, whether twelve or fifty or a hundred, which could live together even for a month without quarrelling and detraction and the forming of cliques? The Englishman to some extent avoids heat in his social relations by reducing the temperature to freezing-point as a preliminary precaution. But it is impossible to remain in the glacial period

for ever, and when intimacy begins friction soon follows. Even in a regiment complete harmony does not seem always attainable.

In a fervent religious community however things are managed differently, and though it would be untruthful to pretend that a fault against charity is never committed—even the best men and women being far removed from angels—yet if the level of charity in Religion were even remotely approaching that of the world, perpetual vows would have been relegated to the purely ideal state long ago. But they are not so relegated. Few Orders have died out or been suppressed; few even have ceased to put forth fresh branches. So strong is their vitality that, as we see now in France, even exile and the loss of all things are insufficient to break the ties of duty and affection which unite the Religious to his brethren and his Order. Nor are these ties the only ones. We must not narrow our sympathies, and confine our devotion exclusively to our own Institute. Religion is one great brotherhood. Every Order is but a regiment in a common army, and though regiments have been jealous of one another and will be as long as human nature lasts, to let emulation go so far as to injure the common cause would be the most unpardonable of crimes. The fraternity which freemasonry claims Religion enjoys, only the children of this world are always wiser in their generation than the children of light. The humblest member of the latest Congregation approved by the Church belongs, if he would only realize it, to a brotherhood which extends over all space and all time, and links him to all those who in any age have made and kept their vows. New Orders are formed, old ones reformed, but the monastic life is one. Only it gets fuller and more varied as the ages lengthen out.

Sitting in our bare cell we can let imagination carry us back to saints now enthroned on the Church's altars, once in outward appearance simple Religious as any are to-day. The mere enumeration of their names calls up such a crowd of noble memories that the mind is overwhelmed. Now it is St. Vincent de Paul or St. Paul of the Cross with their community at recreation, St. Alfonso playing the piano to cure a Father of melancholy, St. Aloysius with his notebook going to hear Vasquez lecture, St. Ignatius surprising the Father in the corridor who disturbed the *siesta* of the house. Or it is St. Teresa sweeping the room in which the first Mass

is to be said of one of her new foundations, or St. Francis preaching his silent sermon on recollection, or St. Dominic seeing his vision of our Lady blessing the community at night. Again, we pass up beyond the middle ages and see the old Abbot St. Benedict reproving the novice who served him at supper for a hidden thought of pride, or St. Arsenius, once tutor to an Emperor, making mats in his Egyptian cell, and overcoming the weariness of nature by the *ad quid venisti*, which St. Bernard and so many other saints have made their own. From the modern missionary Congregations to the Society of Jesus, thence to the Mendicant Orders, and from them to Cistercians, Carthusians, and Benedictines we trace the stream towards its source. Beyond St. Benedict a faint silver line is discernible past St. Augustine and St. Basil till it is lost to view with St. Antony in the sands of the desert, only to reappear in the life of the whole Church in the years which followed Pentecost. The religious life is very conservative. Nearly everything we have can be traced back to the Fathers of the Desert, even our garments. We may not be quite certain of the precise meaning of *resticulæ duplices, laneo plexæ subtegmine, quas Græci anabolas, nos vero succintoria seu redimicula, vel proprie rebrachiatoria possumus appellare*,—a passage of Cassian<sup>1</sup> which the commentator wisely calls, *Locus subobscurus, et voculis nimis multis . . . obscuratus potius quam illustratus*—but we may be quite sure it is part of our attire. And so with the rest.

It is true the monastic state is shorn of those outward splendours it had when Hildebrand and Urban sat on the Papal throne, when Lanfranc and Anselm went from Bec to Canterbury, and Eugenius from his Cistercian convent to the Lateran, when the monk Bernard seemed the arbiter of Europe, and Frederick Barbarossa held the stirrup of the humble English Augustinian Canon, Adrian IV.; but these splendours were not essential to the religious life. Nay, unless they represented the triumph of the supernatural over the merely natural, and made their recipients only still more humble, they were not true splendours at all. But in those days good Religious were humble. Most men of strong character were either monks or soldiers, or first soldiers and then monks, and bad and violent as were the times, yet when men did turn to God they generally did not turn halfway.

<sup>1</sup> *Inst.* i. 6.



Hence the heroic conversions and penances we read of. There is something very touching in the pathetic close of many a wild and stormy career of the middle ages. It may be that the deep contrition and heroic austerities of a William of Aquitaine, leaving his guilty throne for a desert, or the repentance of Abelard, that spoilt child of philosophy, weeping over his sins, and dying in humble obscurity in his Cluniac cell, may have given as much pleasure to God as many a year of the half-service of those with fewer faults.

But better than all earthly honour is what we have in Religion, God's own presence, and the happiness of being His special servants, and trying in a special way to do His will. This and the being surrounded by so many of His servants bound by the same holy ties, is what makes the blessedness of a state in exchange for which everything that the world can give seems worthless. These things are too great to speak about. *O quam metuendus est locus iste. Vere non est hic aliud nisi domus Dei et porta cæli.*

H. C. CASTLE, C.S.S.R.

## *A Ramble on the Aventine.*

Oh Roma! Roma! Non è piu com' era prima!

THE Rome of to-day and the Rome of say forty years ago are two very different cities. The former is more civilized perhaps, more imbued with the restless spirit of modern progress, but eminently less picturesque, for modernity in many cases spells unsightliness. Garish block buildings disfigure what was once the green luxuriance of Julius Cæsar's Park, a network of electric tram-lines intersect the principal streets, and several historic buildings have been ruthlessly destroyed.

Modern Rome is shorn of a good deal of her former splendour, yes, but still her old mesmeric spell enchains the souls of the pilgrims within her gates, and this undefinable magnetism, fascination, call it what you will, is perhaps felt more strongly on Monte Aventino than in other more frequented spots in the Eternal City.

It is a hill of many memories. It has been trodden by the feet of St. Dominic, St. Alexis, St. Pius V., St. Thomas Aquinas, and Lacordaire. It is associated with the martyred Virgin Sabina, with St. Prisca, and even with the Prince of the Apostles himself. Out of Rome, one reads histories of the Saints and regards them somewhat in the light of impossible heroic characters; in Rome, where they are inseparably connected with the atmosphere, their names familiar as household words, one *realizes* them. And that makes all the difference.

Let us choose a really Roman day for our ramble on the Aventine. A day when the sun reigns triumphant in a sky of fleckless azure—that translucent satisfying blue which is so seldom seen out of Italy. The flowers on the Spanish steps are a blaze of colour and there is a whisper of spring in the perfumed breeze. As we ascend the steep incline planted with almond-trees our thoughts turn instinctively to the saintly friar who so often trod the self-same path that our feet are pressing

now, and it is to the Convent of Santa Sabina that we first direct our steps. There is perhaps no spot in the world more closely connected with the annals of the Dominican Order. It was here that the Third Order, designated the "militia of Jesus Christ," was established, and it was here also that the Polish cousins Hyacinthus and Celsus Odronaz offered themselves as missionaries and became the apostles of Hungary and Bohemia. Hither the "Angelic Doctor" St. Thomas Aquinas, pursued to the very door of the cloister by the tears and lamentations of his mother, fled to the monastic life. St. Norbert, founder of the Premonstratensians, and St. Raymond of Pennafort were welcomed here as honoured guests, and later on Lacordaire of the "silver tongue" made a brief stay within these ancient walls. For the origin of the convent we must go back to the pontificate of the great Savelli, Pope Honorius III., for it was he who bestowed the church and adjoining lands upon St. Dominic, who had but recently made his appearance in Rome. Since the sixth century the prosperity of the Aventine and its popularity as a place of residence had begun to decline, and it had been the Pontiff's intention to re-establish its once famous reputation by founding, as it were, a new city on the historic spot. The coming of St. Dominic, however, directed his ideas into a new channel, and the saintly presence and wise ministrations of the humble white-robed friar soon added a new attraction to Monte Aventino. The Church of Santa Sabina, which stands on the site of the house in which the Saint of that name suffered martyrdom, was built originally by Peter, a priest of Illyria. *Pauperibus locuples sibi pauper*—rich for the poor, poor for himself; so he is described in the mosaic inscription which gleams out in fadeless blue and gold inside the principal entrance. It was restored in the pontificate of Sixtus V., and during that process, as is invariably the case with restorations, many of its ancient features were totally effaced.

The large west door by which we enter through the convent is a dream in oak. It dates from the twelfth century and its panels are covered with exquisitely carved designs representing scenes in the Old and New Testament. So far the eye revels in beauty, but just inside the church one's admiration wavers before the glaringly modern pictures of St. Dominic's miracles, which have been erected in the place where delicately tinted frescoes were once wont to rouse the enthusiasm of the gazer. The chapel in the left aisle built by Elia of Tuscany is still

enriched with many precious marbles, and the large fresco over the high altar—underneath which lie the bones of Sabina and Seraphia, of Pope Alexander, Crecentius and Theodulus, all early Christian martyrs,—is marvellously fresh in colouring and untouched by time's ruthless fingers. It was over the Lady altar, at the end of the right aisle, that Sassoferrato's masterpiece—*La Madonna del Rosario*—once gladdened the eyes of all beholders by the perfection of its colouring and the rare loveliness of its design. Last year, however, as all the world has heard, it was stolen by sacrilegious hands, and since its recovery a prudent Government, under a speciously contrived pretext of preserving its safety, has retained it in its own possession, and the friars lament its loss in vain.<sup>1</sup> On leaving the church the next spot of interest which claims our attention is St. Dominic's cell, now converted into a little chapel, where, on his feast, the 4th of August, cardinals and priests and bishops celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In the tiny antechamber an inscription on the wall reminds us that here the founder of the Friars Preachers, St. Francis of Assisi, and Blessed Angelus, once passed the entire night "talking of heavenly things." Over the altar in the Saint's cell hangs his portrait painted by the inspired brush of Bazzani. It is a face of ethereal beauty,—the face of an idealist, of one whose feet only touch the earth, and whose heart and soul and aspirations are all centred on the attainment of eternal bliss. It is the face of a Galahad, severely beautiful in its stern purity,—“whose strength was as the strength of ten *because* his heart was pure.”

From St. Dominic's cell we pass to the room upstairs, where Michael Ghisleri, afterwards Pope Pius V., spent sixteen years in prayer and penance. It also has been converted into a chapel where Mass is occasionally said, and pictures representing episodes in the life of the saintly Pontiff adorn the walls. Outside in the convent garden, far from the rush and tumult of modern Rome, and where the soft spring air wafts to us the subtle perfume of violets, we stand for a moment beside the famous orange-tree planted by St. Dominic in the days that were, and the grave-faced friar, Fra Antonio, presents us with one or two emerald-hued leaves as a souvenir of our visit.

Times are indeed changed with Santa Sabina. Once its spacious corridors echoed to the steps and voices of innumerable white-robed novices, but since the entrance of the Italians into

<sup>1</sup> Now, however, it has been restored to them, and hangs in its old place.

Rome, only three or four of the sons of St. Dominic are left to carry out the rule and follow, even though at a distance, in the footsteps of their saintly Founder. The Dominicans on the Aventine have vanished like a dream of the past. As if to supply their place, however, the Tower of Sant' Anselmo rears its lofty head to the cloudless sky, and the monks of the West, the black-garbed Benedictines, have arisen to carry on the tradition of prayer and praise on that hallowed hill. Here come students and novices of all nationalities to imbibe the Roman spirit before setting out to "teach all nations," and the erection of this magnificent College is principally owing to the generosity of his Holiness Leo XIII. Having admired the spacious church and the beauty of its mosaic pavement, let us linger for an instant in the Garden of the Knights of Malta, that "haunt of ancient peace." It is an ideal spot with its shady avenue of bay-trees, its palm and pepper-trees and picturesque old well, and here too the fragrance of violets permeates the balmy air.

As we stand entranced on the little terrace overhanging the classic, and exceedingly dirty, Tiber, we can see outstretched before us the countless domes and palaces of Eternal Rome, and gaze from afar at that world-renowned Basilica which rises over the tomb of the Fisherman of Galilee. It is a scene which, once gazed upon, recurs again and again to the memories of those whose eyes have once feasted on its beauty—years afterwards, perhaps, in distant countries, under other skies, and when the actual vision of Rome, the city of enchantment, has been taken from us,—“gone with the snows of yester year.” The loquacious caretaker—an individual, by the way, who breeds Angora kittens and discourses eloquently on the rotundity of their figures and the length of their silky fur—conducts us through the spacious mansion once inhabited by the Grand Master and his knights, and shows us the richly ornamented chapel where they performed their devotions. Also, it may be mentioned, a charming billiard-room with a long pocketless table where they wielded their cues in lighter hours of relaxation.

Let us pass on to the adjoining Church of St. Alexis which, built on the site of his paternal mansion, was re-consecrated in A.D. 401 by Pope Innocent I. in honour of the Saint who lived for seventeen years unrecognized beneath his father's staircase. St. Alexis, we are told, was young and endowed with beauty of

form and feature, and his parents had arranged for him what they considered an eminently eligible match. The youth, however, having already dedicated his virginity to God, did not see the matter in the same light, and disappeared suddenly on the eve of what was to have been his wedding-day, leaving no clue by which he could be discovered. For years he was mourned as dead, until one day a mysterious voice echoed through the Roman Church: "Seek ye out the man of God, that he may pray for Rome! Seek him in the house of Euphemian." With one accord, so runs the story, the inhabitants of the Eternal City rushed to the Aventine and there they found a beggar dying beneath the doorstep, a sealed packet in one hand, a crucifix in the other, and his emaciated countenance radiant with the light of another world. In vain the astonished spectators attempted to draw the paper from between his wasted fingers, but when Pope Innocent commanded him in the name of God to relinquish his grasp he did so, and the Pontiff read aloud to that vast multitude the secret of Alexis.

"Then," says the poet, "lest some secular use might mar the place made sacred by his pain, upon the ground where stood that stately house they reared the Church of St. Alexis; and the marble stairs which sheltered him they left as when he died. And there a sculptor carved him in mean garb reclining, by his side his pilgrim's staff, and in his hand the story of his life of virgin pureness and humility."

The Church of Sant' Alessio can boast of a magnificent opus Alexandrinum pavement, and over the west door a border of gorgeously tinted mosaics still shine unfaded; but, with one or two exceptions, the remainder of the building has been hopelessly modernized. Tradition asserts that in the times of persecution the early Conclaves of the Church took place in the crypt below, and here the principal objects of interest are the marble episcopal chair, green with age, and the pillar to which St. Sebastian was bound when shot with arrows. The adjoining convent, once occupied by the monks of St. Jerome, is now used as an asylum for the blind.

Let us retrace our steps a little as far as the summit of the hill which leads towards the Palatine, and turning to the right, pause before the very unpretentious Church of Santa Prisca. "Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Jesus Christ, who have for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the Churches of the Gentiles.



Likewise greet the Church that is in their house." So writes St. Paul in the sixteenth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. And it is close by the site of the house of Aquila and Priscilla, who followed the trade of tentmakers on the Aventine and with whom St. Peter lodged, that the Church of Santa Prisca was built in A.D. 280. The place is thronged with hallowed associations. We read in the Acts that in consequence of the decree of banishment issued by the Emperor Claudius against the Jews, these two pious women were compelled to leave Rome; but that on their return they were enabled to open a small oratory (*ecclesiam domesticam*) in their house. One who is an authority on such matters says that the walls of this oratory were discovered in 1776, close beside the modern Church of St. Prisca, and were decorated with paintings of the fourth century representing the Apostles. It was in the ancient crypt beneath that the Roman virgin Prisca—she who at the age of thirteen was exposed in the amphitheatre to be devoured by lions—was baptized by St. Peter; on which occasion an inverted Corinthian capital did duty as a font. There is, however, one touch of modernity about the Aventine hill and that takes the form of a restaurant near Santa Prisca, where Romans, and English, and Americans come to dine. The cuisine is admirable and the view superb, so it is naturally much patronized by visitors and residents.

*In Aventinum æternum sedem suam.* So prophesied Livy concerning the Temple of Juno, which stood formerly near the site of Santa Sabina, but now the Aventine, once, according to the legend of Remus, "the hill of evil omen," is inseparably associated with the memories of the saints of God, and the "old order changing" has given "place to new." And the new will endure.

Our ramble is over and it is time to descend the hill. The opaline sky above us is changing from crimson to rosy pink, from amber to the tender hue of the emerald, and the sun, weary with so much shining, is sinking to his well-earned rest beneath a bank of gold-tipped clouds. Almost immediately the brief twilight of Italy will be over and darkness will fall upon the land, and as we bid a lingering farewell to Monte Aventino with its glorious past and its consoling present, from Rome's many belfries peal out the bells of the *Ave Maria*. The day is over, and our ramble on the Aventine is now but a memory of the past.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

## *A Pilgrimage to Arenberg.*

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A VISITOR to the historic city of Coblenz would miss much of interest and edification should he neglect the neighbouring village of Arenberg, three miles away. It is a place which enjoys a reputation throughout Catholic Germany as the lasting memorial of the loving devotion of a departed priest towards our Lord and His Holy Mother; for its former pastor, John Baptist Kraus, who died at an advanced age in 1893, has enriched the village with a collection of sacred statuary, unique of its kind. Convinced that a sketch of the place will be acceptable to some, at least, who read these pages, the writer has ventured to record the impressions gathered in a brief visit paid to it in company with a friend, a few months ago.

To reach Arenberg from Coblenz one has to cross the Rhine near the renowned fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which from its commanding position on a lofty height, nearly five hundred feet above the river, is said to rival in strength the British stronghold at Gibraltar. Passing through the small town of the same name and leaving the fortress on the left, the traveller comes upon a somewhat steep footpath, which, as guide-posts make known, is a short cut to the village in question. It leads directly up a decidedly abrupt slope, passing through vineyards, orchards, and meadows till it joins the carriage road about half a mile from Arenberg. In driving there, one has to cover a greater distance, for the road necessarily winds about on the side of the hill.

The village church with its two spires at the western end was built by Father Kraus; it is a prominent object at some distance away. It stands within grounds which to a stranger seem on first acquaintance of considerable extent, though in reality they are only moderately large. The side of a hill has been very skilfully planted and laid out to convey the impression of almost unlimited space; it is in these gardens as well as in the churchyard and church that the statues have been placed.

The object the good priest had in view was an increase of devotion to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord and to His Virgin Mother. The arrangement of the church and grounds was the work of a lifetime, carried out by means of funds contributed by many generous benefactors as well as by Father Kraus himself. One of the chief supporters of the good priest in his work was the late Empress Augusta, grandmother of the present Kaiser ; although a Protestant, her Majesty procured for him a considerable State grant towards expenses. Money was collected by Father Kraus not only in Germany, but even in distant cities such as Vienna, Amsterdam, Liege, and Paris. When the devoted priest came to die he bequeathed his collection to the village with the condition that no charge should ever be made for visiting the church or grounds, his intention all along having been the spiritual benefit of those who should be attracted to the spot which he had taken such pains to adorn.

On entering the large and handsome church, the first object which attracts the eye is naturally the high altar with its surroundings. It would be difficult to imagine any arrangement of the kind more strikingly beautiful. Behind the altar and rising to half the height of the lofty building are piled up massive looking brown rocks, fringed with lichens and grass and flowering creepers ; from their crevices spring up graceful palm-trees overshadowing the figures represented on the summit of the imaginary Calvary. On either side are life-sized figures artistically grouped ; the holy women gaze with grief-stricken faces upon the Cross and its victim ; a centurion on horseback is looking in the same direction towards which an angel by his side is pointing, his attitude is expressive of the gleam of faith which is drawing from him the awestruck cry : "Indeed this was the Son of God." Nearer to the centre are the figures of our Lady and St. John, while Magdalen is clinging to the foot of the lofty Cross upon which hangs the white Body of the dead Christ. The crosses supporting the two thieves stand one on each side. Lower down, at either side of the altar, in recesses of the rocks appear two angels. These beautiful statues are all coloured in natural tints, and the effect of the whole is indescribably touching. Probably few more realistic portrayals of the Crucifixion could be met with in any church.

Second only to this group in beauty and striking realism is that in the baptistery, at the west end of the church. It represents St. John in his camel-skin robe baptizing our Lord, who

stands knee-deep in the waters of the Jordan. The death of St. Joseph, under one of the altars, and the manger at Bethlehem watched by an adoring angel are quite as beautiful. Other statues stand in various parts of the building.

There are other remarkable features about the church which call for comment. Over the arches of the nave runs a series of very fine wall paintings by Molitor, a Dusseldorf artist; they represent various scenes in the Passion. Another feature of the interior decorations struck us as more curious than beautiful. The whole of the wall space unoccupied by frescoes or other paintings was covered by small rough stones embedded in cement; this kind of adornment extended even to the stone altar-rails, pierced with arches. The effect was too precise and symmetrical to be altogether pleasing; the regularly disposed rows of small stones, especially when circular arches were surmounted by one formal ring above another, gave to the place something of the air of an ornamental grotto. Yet there is one fact in connection with this particular decoration which lends interest to it; the work was carried out almost entirely by the hands of the good priest himself. Many of the stones are of much value; among those which adorn the altar-rails are fine specimens of unpolished amethysts, agates, and crystals. There are many appropriate decorative texts in German in various parts of the church; most of them relate to the love of our Lord in His Passion and to His readiness to forgive the sins of the penitent.

Leaving the church, one finds the grounds outside divided into various portions by maze-like hedges bordering winding paths. Trees and shrubs are numerous and help to convey the impression of spaciousness already alluded to. Placards at the entrance of each portion indicate the groups contained in that particular locality. The variety which has been so successfully achieved in this skilful landscape gardening is very striking. Little secluded parterres, stretches of shrubbery, small open spaces of lawn containing a chapel, straight walks between rose-beds—are some of its elements. Even a little stream which runs through the grounds has been utilized as a decorative feature—now forming a miniature waterfall, now feeding a graceful little fountain or diminutive artificial lake. The high-road which cuts through the small demesne contributes to this variety rather than otherwise.

Some of the chapels are of good size, affording room for

some twenty or more worshippers, and containing an altar for Mass. Others are mere shelters for groups of statuary, with an open arch in front. Among the larger chapels are those dedicated to the Sacred Heart, the Dolours of our Lady, the Holy Souls, and St. Joseph. Each of these contains some very effective statuary. The Holy Souls chapel, which stands in the churchyard, is the least pleasing of these; its exterior and interior walls, covered with a kind of black lava, struck us as inartistic.

First in importance comes the collection of figures relating to the Passion; they occupy the portion of the hill on which the gardens have been laid out known as the "Mount of Olives." Passing through the arch of greenery which gives entrance to this part of the grounds, the visitor comes in sight of majestic angelic figures under a canopy with open sides; the group is called the "Place of the Ascension," and inscriptions remind the visitor that for us, as for our Lord, Heaven has to be reached by the way of the Cross. Following the winding path we come upon one little chapel after another containing either groups or single figures. The front of each is pierced by a large arch through which the interior is plainly visible. The arch is often wreathed with creeping plants. The first of these groups is that of the three sleeping Apostles; the figures are very effectively wrought in terra-cotta, but the absence of colour renders this and some other groups less strikingly realistic. Other chapels contain figures representing the Agony of our Lord, the kiss of Judas, our Lord a prisoner, the Scourging, the Crowning with Thorns, and the "Ecce Homo." That of the Scourging is particularly fine.

In another part of the grounds are the figures which illustrate the life of the Blessed Virgin. The small chapels here stand amid flower-beds in which autumn flowers were blooming at the time of our visit. Some of the groups in this division were the most beautiful of the whole collection. The Presentation shows the High Priest, St. Joachim, and St. Anne, and our Lady as a little child. The figures are most artistic and quite life-like in their pose and colouring. Next comes the group representing the Espousals of our Lady and St. Joseph. Here again the same cultivated taste is evident in the setting, modelling, and colouring of the noble figures. The "Holy House of Nazareth," the next in order, is of an altogether different character. A small stone building is divided into two

compartments, and the visitor obtains a view of the interior by means of the windows only. One window looks into St. Joseph's workshop. The little compartment is arranged with carpenter's tools and has a perfectly natural appearance. St. Joseph—a life-like figure—stands with axe in hand as though he had but just interrupted his work for a moment's communion with God, for his eyes are raised to Heaven. The other window communicates with another apartment in which our Lady is kneeling at prayer; the Archangel is just entering to deliver his message to her. A soft light is thrown on each of the apartments from some hidden window apparently filled with tinted glass. The whole building is said to be a replica of the Holy House itself, the details having been copied from Loreto.

In the same garden which contains these groups of larger figures, are bas-reliefs of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary and the Seven Dolours. They are arranged in order, in much the same way as the Stations of the Cross in another part of the grounds. Each piece of sculpture is raised on a wooden base and protected from the weather by a broad pent-roof. Suitable pious inscriptions in German are attached to each. The Rosary and Dolours groups, unlike the Stations of the Cross, are uncoloured.

In a secluded nook, surrounded by trees, is what is designated the "Hermitage of St. Francis." Under a thatched roof stands a beautiful figure of the Saint. Two other friars are kneeling near, gazing with wonder on their Father as he preaches to a crowd of animals of all kinds, which surround him, attracted by his holiness. The wolf and the lamb, the stag and the hound, rabbits, hares and various other timid beasts are pressing round the Saint, while birds great and small stand on the ground or perch on the beams of the rustic roof. The whole group is both effective and devotional.

Not far from this is a small pond among the trees and by the side of it, standing in the open air, is a figure of St. Antony in the attitude of preaching to the fishes. The statue is of full size and in the position in which it is placed, upon a grassy lawn amidst trees and shrubs, conveys at a little distance an absolutely life-like effect. There is a small chapel in another part of the grounds containing a second statue of this Saint, to whom devotion has lately increased so enormously all over the world.

A beautiful representation of the grotto of Lourdes, with



the figures of our Lady and Bernadette, is to be found in the vicinity of St. Francis' Hermitage and not far from the Convent of Dominican Tertiaries which crowns the hill. The statues are here also of full size and artistically tinted in natural colours. The devout little church of the convent is well worthy of a visit, should time allow.

The collection taken as a whole is not only pious and pleasing, but really impressive. Its size may be judged from the fact that the visitor cannot make the round of church and garden in less time than an hour. There are, perhaps, some few features which do not commend themselves to all tastes. The style of decoration mentioned in connection with the church is to be seen on many of the chapels in the grounds, and the formal rows of small stones give a somewhat precise look to the arches and walls; again, the employment of artificial flowers and shrubs for exterior decoration—however well-made they may be—is another objectionable trait, but these are trifles, and cannot detract from the real beauty of the whole.

It must not be supposed that Arenberg is merely a pious show-place, attracting curious travellers as any collection of statuary, worthy of the name, would be sure to do. The good priest who has won for the village its modest fame had quite another end in view. He felt that no good Christian could gaze upon well-rendered representations of the mysteries of faith without receiving some increase of grace, and that even those whose lives were not in accordance with the faith they professed might gain some benefit therefrom.

To wander from one sacred group to another and gaze upon them in a devout spirit is practically to meditate on the mysteries portrayed there, and this was what Father Kraus had in view. The little manual, drawn up by himself, to serve as a guide to what it styles the "Holy Places of Arenberg," suggests many prayerful reflections upon the Life and Passion of our Lord and the joys and sorrows of His Blessed Mother, and it is edifying to see the reverent mien of the devout German Catholics whom one meets there, as they pace the walks book in hand, or kneel before some statue or station, or recite appropriate prayers in the larger chapels, in accordance with those suggestions. There was nothing which could intimate to a visitor that this was a mere show-place, got up to attract the ordinary tourist with his insatiable curiosity. Indeed, there was an absence of the common tourist type among those one met in the grounds.

Everyone moved quietly about ; there was no chattering or bustling or even the hum of ordinary conversation between the members of the various groups. It was as though the sacred nature of the place had toned down even youthful exuberance of spirit to a befitting gravity.

It is true that our visit was made at a time when the bulk of the population would be engaged in gathering in the vintage, so that the number of pilgrims would be appreciably less than at seasons of greater leisure. That they are, at times, very numerous is evidenced by the many places of simple refreshment for man and beast which crowd the steep village street. Nevertheless, from what one knows of the spirit of German Catholics, the disposition shown in such a spot as Arenberg could never be anything but edifying ; for none but those who reverence and love their Christian Faith would be attracted towards its "Holy Places," while to such, its pious and soul-stirring scenes must needs afford—as they were designed to do—an increase of zeal and fervour in the service of God.

MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.

## *The Suppression of the Society of Jesus.*

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### XIX.—CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

WE have followed the history of the Suppression through all its stages, but it may be convenient to conclude by summarizing the results to which we have been led.

The first thing to note is that the destroying legions were not homogeneous. They belonged to different classes who, whilst uniting in the same means, were employing it for different ends. The oldest enemies of the Society were the legal families in France, who by a kind of prescription had come to form almost exclusively the *personnel* of the French Parlements, especially of the powerful Parlement of Paris. These families were by a three-fold title the traditional enemies of the Jesuits. As the representatives of the civil law and exercising many of the functions of State government, they had been ever since the time of the Pragmatic Sanction the great stronghold of Gallicanism in the country, and were proportionately adverse to an Order dedicated in a special manner to the defence of the rights of the Holy See. As intimately connected with the University of Paris, whose *personnel* had likewise through many centuries been largely recruited from their ranks, they had shared its jealousy of a religious Order which first entered Paris at a time when the University was temporarily decadent, and resented the rivalry of Colleges which taught gratuitously and were staffed by teachers of the highest qualifications. As closely connected with the original Jansenists—the Arnaulds, the Pascals, and others, who sprang from the same family stock—they identified themselves with Jansenism throughout, and were once more brought into conflict with the Order which from first to last was the uncompromising opponent of that heresy. We are far from meaning to imply that there were no exceptions to the anti-Jesuit spirit thus engendered among the Parlementaire families, for there were some conspicuous exceptions. But the general trend of feeling among

these families, and the bodies they constituted, was one of bitter hostility to the Society; and this hostility, as often happens, had hardened in intensity with the course of time and the repetition of conflicts, and by the middle of the eighteenth century had been rendered specially acute by the controversies over the Bull *Unigenitus*.

The Jansenists were hostile to the Society because of its rigid orthodoxy, but had this in common with it that they believed in Christianity. The Encyclopædists, though allied with the Jansenists in intriguing for its destruction, were actuated by a downright hatred for the Christian religion. For prudential reasons they disavowed this hatred in their public speech, and professed to be loyal sons of the Church. But it formed a common topic in their private correspondence with one another, and was the mainspring of their secret intrigues. They saw no great distinction between Jesuits and Jansenists, except that the Jesuits appeared to them the more dangerous foes; and they desired the extinction of both, but of the Jesuits first, because, if this were first achieved, they believed that the other would quickly follow. The writings of Voltaire and d'Alembert at this time are full of such sentiments. Thus "the nation," writes the latter, in his essay, *Sur la Destruction des Jésuites*,<sup>1</sup> "is beginning to grow enlightened, and will become so increasingly. Disputes on religion will be despised, and fanaticism"—by which name these people were wont to designate Catholic faith and piety—"will be held in horror. The magistrates who have proscribed the fanaticism of the Jesuits are too enlightened, too good citizens, too conformed to the spirit of their age, to suffer another fanaticism to succeed to theirs. . . . The Jesuits were the regular troops; recruited and disciplined under the standard of superstition; they were the Macedonian Phalanx which it behoved Reason to see broken up and destroyed. The Jansenists are merely the Cossacks and Pandours whom Reason will make cheap work of, as soon as they have to fight alone and dispersed."

The third class distinguishable among the allied foes of the Society were the Regalists. These were few in number, but being Ministers of State, actual or potential, had the Royal power in their hands, and so could execute the measures which the Sectarrians and Encyclopædists could only demand and

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1764, just after the promulgation of the Royal Edict banishing the Jesuits from the kingdom.

intrigue for. Regalism is but an aspect of Despotism, being its attitude towards the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. For despotism chafes under every limitation set to its power, and when it is brought in conflict with the ecclesiastical jurisdiction inevitably seeks to enslave it. Regalism is thus a malady of the civil power to which it has been liable in all ages, but was never more pronounced or more virulent than in the eighteenth century—two things then conducing to this result, one that the absolute monarchs on the thrones of Continental Europe held the most despotic ideas, the other that by that time able lawyers and theologians in the service of the State had wrought the principles of Regalism into a coherent scientific system. Thus the end in view which, working on these lines, the eighteenth century Regalists set before themselves was well described by Clement XIII. in his protest against the action of the Government of Parma in 1768. It was "to detach the faithful and keep them apart from the Head of the Church, the sheep from their Shepherd, and the result is to oppress the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, to overthrow the sacred hierarchy, to diminish the rights of the Holy See, to subordinate his authority to the civil power, and to enslave the Church of God, which is free." There have been Jesuits attached to Courts who have yielded to the atmosphere there prevalent, and advocated the claims of Regalism. Of such a character, as Fraile Miguelez proves,<sup>1</sup> was P. Rabago, confessor to Ferdinand VI., and the last of the Jesuit royal confessors at the Spanish Court. But the Society as a whole was identified with the opposite principles, and the influence of its writers, its professors, its preachers, above all of its central government, was exercised in that direction. It lay, therefore, across the path which the Regalists were pursuing.

Still another set must be taken into account which, though less virulent in its animosities, contributed to swell the torrent of hostility by which the Society was eventually swept away. This was a party composed not indeed of the secular clergy or the other religious orders as entire wholes—for to many of these the Society was indebted for sympathy and aid in the time of its troubles—but of numerous sections of their members who resented the preponderant influence which the Society had acquired for itself, principally through the means of its schools.

<sup>1</sup> *Jansenismo y Regalismo en España.* By Fraile Miguelez, O.S.A. See the letter of P. Rabago to Cardinal Portacassero in the Appendix.

There is no reason to suppose that these ecclesiastics believed in the monstrous crimes imputed to the Society, or that they would have wished in the first instance a measure so drastic as the entire suppression of the Order. But when they saw the turn events were taking, and that this was the goal towards which they were tending, they welcomed it as a means of deliverance from distasteful competitors, and perhaps did not advert to the enormous injustice to individuals inseparable from the actual execution of such a measure.

These four classes were broadly distinguishable among the foes of the Society, but of course they overlapped and interfused one another to some extent, besides which they were reinforced by others who were either the dupes of their misrepresentations, or else were State servants, like de Bernis, prepared to execute the commands of their masters, whatever these might be.

We have seen, however, from the foregoing narrative that, if the Society had powerful enemies leagued together for its destruction, it had also friends to take its side, who, if less powerful, were probably more numerous, and were not inconspicuous for their virtue and piety. These certainly must not be excluded from the reckoning, if we are to form a correct estimate of the circumstances under which the suppression was carried out. Such was the French episcopate with hardly an exception which testified so strongly in their favour in 1762; such were the Bishops of Spain and other countries who solicited and applauded the *Apostolicum* in 1764. Such was the mass of the Cardinals and prelates at Rome, who created such a difficulty for the skilful negotiators of the suppression,—compelling them to involve their proceedings in a dense secrecy, and to set aside the usual and becoming methods by which a measure like the suppression should have been prepared. Such was the multitude of their adherents and defenders in every country, priests, religious, and laity, whom it pleased their enemies to call Tertiaries, and of whose resistance to their policy they were so continually complaining. It is impossible to estimate the proportion in which they stood to the opposite party, but we can gather something from the acknowledgment of a contemporary writer like the traveller Duclos, himself an Encyclopædist in his sympathies, for, “I do not hesitate to declare,” he says, “and I have been a closely-placed spectator of the transactions, that the Jesuits had and



still have more partizans than adversaries. . . . Speaking generally the provinces (of France) regret the loss of the Jesuits, and they would, if they were to reappear among them, be received with acclamation ;"<sup>1</sup> we may gather something too from "the multitude of representations from the provinces, cities, towns, and villages of Spain," of which Ferdinand VII. speaks in his Ordinance of May 29th,<sup>2</sup> 1815—at the time when the storms of the Revolution were temporarily appeased—as "daily addressed to him by Archbishops, Bishops, ecclesiastics, and some laymen," and "supplicating him to re-establish the Society throughout his dominions," for are we not entitled to see in these multitudinous representations the distant echoes of the regrets passed down to their descendants by those who had been witnesses of the expulsion and its consequences? And may we not draw a like inference from the language of Pius VII.'s Bull of Restoration,<sup>3</sup> which speaks of petitions addressed to him in the same sense from many regions of the earth?

Our study has also shown what part in the campaign against 'the Society was taken by the different classes of its enemies. Although their hostility was of long standing they do not seem in the first instance to have formed any definite plans for concerted action, or to have contemplated an end so drastic as entire suppression. One thing led on to another. It was Pombal who set the ball rolling, and although the antagonism between his ideals of life and those of the Catholic Church must sooner or later have involved him in a conflict with the Society, it would appear that the accident of the troubles over the Treaty of Exchange was what first kindled his wrath against the Order. When it was seen how easily he was able to expel it from the Portuguese dominions, the hopes of its enemies elsewhere were raised, and they began to ask themselves whether a similar policy might not be successful in other countries. The diffusion of virulent anti-Jesuit pamphlets now began. It had indeed already been initiated by Pombal, who circulated everywhere his *Brevis Relatio* with its imaginary account of a Jesuit empire founded across the ocean. But it was now taken up energetically by Jansenists and others who started special presses for the purpose at Paris and Lugano, as

<sup>1</sup> *Voyage en Italie*, p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Apud de Ravignan, *Clément XIII. et Clément XIV.*, i. p. 547.

<sup>3</sup> The *Sollicitudo Ecclesiarum*, of August 7th, 1815.

also at Rome itself where Don Manuel de Roda and a few others formed a kind of head-centre for the administration of this campaign of defamation.

These pamphlets were quite uncritical, and scattered unauthenticated charges, scandalous inventions, rehashes of ancient calumnies, in the most virulent language, and with reckless disregard for responsibility—much in the same way that ultra-Protestant agencies or newspaper correspondents do now. They were mostly anonymous and were often circulated from hand to hand by private means. Spain, Italy, and France were particularly flooded with them, and the Bishops in their letters to Clement XIII. make frequent mention of the harm they did. Thus Cardinal de Solis, the same who afterwards at the bidding of his Sovereign forced on the election of Clement XIV., says in his letter to Clement XIII. of June 19th, 1759: "It is impossible to count the defamatory libels, the satires, the impious and calumnious writings (grieved over and condemned by the Bishops, the Supreme Councils of the Inquisition and Castille, and every prudent and God-fearing man) which envy and malice has stirred up for the ruin of the good name and high credit of the venerable Order and Institute."<sup>1</sup> We know how easily simple-minded people can be taken in by literature of this kind, and can readily believe that the effect must have been to convert many former friends of the Society into its adversaries, and so prepare the ground for the action of the statesmen.

The Lavalette affair gave the Paris Parlement its opportunity, and it may be that its original idea was merely to weaken the Society by draining off its financial resources. In any case, the subsequent idea of inquiring into the Constitutions was cleverly devised and led on to all that followed; but according to d'Alembert it was only the extraordinary energy of the Abbé Chauvelin and one or two others which was able to carry the business through and bring it to an issue so antecedently improbable. "I know not," he wrote to Voltaire on March 31st, 1762, "what will become of the religion of Jesus, but His Society has come to rags and tatters. What Pascal, Nicolas, and Arnauld could not do, it appears that three or four absurd fanatics will prove able to carry through." Still even these three or four fanatics would not have been able to carry through what was, after all, a gross invasion of the royal power, as

<sup>1</sup> Ravignan, *ibid.* ii. 132.

embodied in the various edicts by which the Society and its many houses were authorized, had not the royal power at this particular time been in the hands of so weak and *insouciant* a monarch; and it was here that Madame de Pompadour's quarrel with the Society was of so much service to them. Had it not been for the accident of her applying for absolution to a Jesuit confessor, who had no course save to refuse it, Louis XV. would never have been gained over as he was, to tolerate and even to confirm by Royal Edict the decrees of the Parlement. And it is in this sense, though the woman did not live to see the final results, that her influence over her royal paramour must be accounted one of the determining causes of the Suppression.

The Encyclopædists took no open part in the transactions of the campaign, but they claimed it none the less as their own campaign, conducted under their orders and for their interest. "The sections of the Parlement," wrote d'Alembert on May 4th, 1762, "are not going sluggishly to work. They think they are serving Religion, but it is Reason they are serving, though without suspecting it. They are the executioners of high justice, on behalf of Philosophy, whose orders they are taking without knowing it." What he means, and what was the case, is that this party was exercising its influence against the Jesuits through the press and the *salons*, and particularly through its intimacy with the leading statesmen, such as Choiseul, de Terray, d'Aguillon, Bernis, Aranda, Tanucci, and others.

In Spain, as we have seen, the Jesuits were fully aware that a strong party wished to see them destroyed there as well as in Portugal and France; but they imagined the King and his Ministers to be their protectors. They had grounds for so thinking, for they had not been reprehended in any way by the authorities, but, on the contrary, were receiving constant marks of the royal confidence. Hence when the blow fell on April 1st, 1767, it came upon them as a bolt from the blue. Now, however, we know from the private correspondence between the King and his confidential advisers, that they were concealing their real sentiments until the dramatic moment should come, but had determined on a Regalist policy, and a *coup* against the Jesuits, as far back as 1759, when Carlos III. passed from the Neapolitan to the Spanish throne. To this extent, therefore, the King must have acted with a full knowledge of what he was doing; but something more is required to explain the intense aversion and the ruthless cruelty with which

he pursued his Jesuit subjects, and afterwards the entire Society, as though they were men unfit to live in a civilized land. In this respect we have seen reason for believing that he was the dupe of others. Though a man of principle he was not a man of much intelligence, and never realized the necessity of giving both sides a hearing; and his unscrupulous Ministers, by a dexterous manipulation of Jesuit writings, and a dexterous manipulation of the facts of the Madrid riot, had succeeded in persuading him that the Jesuits did not scruple to assassinate sovereigns who refused to be subservient to their interests. It was through the false persuasion thus introduced into a stubborn and vindictive mind that the movement acquired the force and solidity which henceforth characterized it, and made the total destruction of the Order inevitable.

The expulsions from Naples, Parma and Malta were the necessary consequence of the expulsion from Spain; and so too, for the reason just given, was the demand for an ecclesiastical suppression by the Holy See. But the history of this final stage of the campaign brought into prominence another very striking feature, namely, that of those who were the principal actors at this stage none save the Spanish King and his Ministers were acting from personal conviction. We have heard from the lips of Choiseul himself that the French Court was moved to co-operate in demanding and compelling the suppression, not because it desired it for its own sake, but because having once committed itself it could not withdraw without incurring the humiliation of a seeming defeat, and still more because its co-operation with the Spaniards was the price to be paid for maintaining the anti-English alliance. In other words, as far as the French Government was concerned, the suppression was a mere political job. Again, we have heard from the lips of Cardinal de Bernis, that he himself felt no more personal interest in the business he was negotiating than did Choiseul, which was as much as to say, that he was as ready to negotiate the suppression of any other religious order or institution if only his Court put him to the task; nor is it easy to believe that Cardinal de Solis, the Spanish agent at the Conclave of 1769, had changed his mind concerning the Jesuits since 1759, when he wrote of them in such glowing terms to Clement XIII.; or Cardinal Orsini, the representative of Naples at the same Conclave, since the time, so shortly before, when he used P. Ricci as his confessor. The view taken by these

Cardinals and probably many others, was that their business was to sink personal convictions, and do the bidding of their Courts. Of the unwillingness of Clement XIV. to consent to a measure which he only accorded after long resistance and to avoid still greater misfortunes, it is not necessary to add more than has been already said. It comes then to this, that of the many persons who played leading parts in the miserable drama, only a few were independently anxious for the destruction of the Society. Pombal and his few adherents in Portugal, the Abbé Chauvelin and his adherents in the Parlement of Paris, Carlos III. (himself only duped) and his Regalist Ministers in Spain and Naples, and the Voltairian leaders and their sympathizers in the four countries concerned. And this is exactly what Clement XIII. thought, as we learn from Cardinal Calini, "to whom," testifies the Cardinal in his conversation with Pius VI.,<sup>1</sup> "he said repeatedly that the war against the Society had been caused by four or five Ministers who had circumvented their sovereigns, and, having first succeeded in making themselves despotic in their cabinets, proceeded to form cabals—the existence of which they kept secret from their sovereigns—and maintained them active and united as a means of combating the Society and the Apostolic See."

To indicate the chief agents in the suppression of the Society is to indicate the motives by which they were led. In the Jansenists it was the desire to see their chief theological opponents destroyed, and so ensure the triumph or at least the revenge of their own sect. In the Philosophers it was the desire, as they expressed it themselves, to see the Jesuits destroyed first, that the Catholic Church might be more easily destroyed afterwards. In Pombal and the Spanish Ministers it was the desire to remove an obstacle from the path of their Regalist policy.

These were the true reasons for the suppression. As for the reasons which were paraded in the *comptes-rendus* of the Parlements, the memorials of the four Courts, and the publications of the anti-Jesuit printing-press, the course of time has itself exposed the hollowness of many of them. No one now-a-days could without making himself ridiculous maintain that the Jesuits had set up an empire in South America under the rule of a Jesuit monarch, Nicholas I. Nor could any

<sup>1</sup> Conversation with Pius VI. on April 1, 1780. Apud Boero, *Osservazioni*, p. 185.

responsible writer in these days fail to acknowledge that the conditions of the Treaty of Exchange were sufficient of themselves to account for the rebellion of the natives, without attributing it to their Jesuit missionaries. The houses and papers of the Jesuits fell everywhere into the hands of their adversaries, but no traces were found of the extensive commerce through which the wealth of the Indies was supposed to have been converted into gold stored away in their vaults. And if, as they themselves acknowledged, they did on a large scale exchange the exports of the Reductions for European imports, the documentary proofs are now accessible which show that this was not trade in the sense prohibited by the Canon Law; that it was done in their capacity as procurators for the native converts, they themselves receiving from it not a penny of profit even under the form of commission or salary; that it was fully justified by the necessities of the case, the Indians being unable otherwise to protect themselves against the rapacity of the European colonists; and finally, that it had been again and again formally sanctioned by the Holy See and the Spanish and Portuguese Courts. Nor, again, would it be possible for a responsible modern historian to maintain that the Spanish and Portuguese Ministers had any evidence before them to convict the Jesuits of complicity in the Madrid riots, or the Lisbon attempt at regicide. None such is to be found in the State Archives of the two countries, or was ever submitted to a legal investigation; on the contrary, the whole character of their diplomacy in requiring the Holy See to punish the Order, whilst refusing to supply it with the proofs of its guilt which they professed to hold in their hands, is evidence which can be no longer disputed that they were perfectly well aware that no such proofs existed.

On the other hand, a collection like the *Extraits du Assertions*, which was perhaps the most effective of their libels, can still deceive honest minds incapable of detecting the fraud underlying its composition. The secret of the success of such a book is simply in its size, for only in a series of lengthy volumes which few readers would ever care to peruse would it be possible to expose all the acts of misquotation, excision, interpolation, and distortion of contexts, by which so many propositions are made to bear a sense which never entered into their authors' heads. We can, however, appeal to the authority of a witness unimpeachable in this respect, who describes the



collection as we have ourselves done—"as so barefaced a fraud that one does not know which to wonder at the most, the dishonesty or the audacity of the men (who composed it)."<sup>1</sup> We can appeal also, as in an earlier article,<sup>2</sup> to the exposure of the true character of the *Extraits des Assertions* contained in Archbishop de Beaumont's famous Pastoral of October 28, 1763, to which many French Bishops shortly afterwards gave in their adhesion, others preferring to write Pastorals of their own to the same effect. Nor did these prelates confine themselves to Pastorals, but wrote also to Clement XIII., who in his replies, for instance in his letter of November 17, 1762, to the Bishop of Sarlat, associated himself with their protests.

So much on the true motives by which the adversaries of the Society were led, and the false motives under which they endeavoured to conceal the true. But there is another aspect under which the sad story of the Suppression may present itself, and we have no wish to overlook it in this study. Granted, it may be said, that the chief authors of the Suppression were led by unworthy motives, were there not also some real defects in the conduct of the eighteenth century Jesuits sufficient to explain why truly good men—we refer particularly to the members of other religious orders—could take part with their enemies, and be glad rather than sorry to see their candlestick removed? This is practically the question raised by a modern writer whom we have more than once quoted, Fraile Miguelez, the author of *Jansenismo y Regalismo en España*.<sup>3</sup> Fraile Miguelez is an Augustinian, that is to say, a member of the Order whose General, Padre Vasquez, was, in association with Don Manuel de Roda, a leading spirit in the anti-Jesuit campaign. Fraile Miguelez, however, is no mere partizan, but distributes praise and blame with impartial hand, on the basis of authentic documents, and on the whole justly. What he complains of and assigns as the true reason why so many religious communities belonging to other Orders took part with the enemies of the Society and worked for its suppression, or at all events sympathized with it, has already been noticed, namely, the enormous predominance over other Orders which the Society

<sup>1</sup> Döllinger's Continuation of Hortig's *Manual of Church History*, ii. § 2, p. 792. We take this extract from F. Duhr's *Jesuiten-Fabeln* (p. 437), to whose instructive chapters on the charges against Jesuit moral doctrine and their alleged defence of tyrannicide we are glad to be able to refer our readers.

<sup>2</sup> See THE MONTH for May, 1902.

<sup>3</sup> Pp. 308—312.

had gradually acquired. It had almost exclusive possession of the schools in which the youth of the higher classes were educated, and occupied the principal chairs in the Universities. This of course meant influence all round, for the link established between the Fathers and their pupils tended to cement them together in after-life, when the latter had themselves entered into positions of power. Thus the pulpits and confessionals of the Jesuits were frequented to the neglect of others, and their churches gleamed with the offerings of their many admirers. They had penetrated, too, into the Courts of Kings, where in like manner they seemed to absorb everything, being the confessors of kings and statesmen, and the instructors of their children. It does not appear that there was any serious fault in the Superiors of the Society, who had sanctioned the various offices and employments out of which this far-reaching predominance had sprung. That had happened to the Society which in turn has happened to each of the great religious orders; for each has had its "booming-time" when by the very success of its methods and their adaptation to the particular age it was best able to offer to kings and people what these wanted. But it is not good that any one religious Order should have such a monopoly, for it is sure to irritate the others who find themselves excluded, and in the less noble characters to stir up resentments and jealousies; and this is precisely what it did. Nor is it good for the Order itself. We are not prepared to admit that the Old Society, on the whole, used her monopoly badly. On the contrary, when the true facts are liberated from the multitude of calumnies by which they have been overwhelmed, it seems to us that she honestly and on the whole successfully strove to use it for the promotion of God's glory and the diffusion of a just and Christian spirit through the ranks of her adherents. Still, human nature remains even under the habit of the Religious, nor is it good for human nature, particularly when under that habit, to be surrounded by so many subtle incitements to pride and self-complacency. And that these incitements had their effect is acknowledged by P. Cordara, who in the concluding part of his *Commentarii*, sets it down as the providential reason why God allowed the terrible calamity to overtake his Order. We cannot indeed accept as true all that P. Cordara writes on the subject, for he can be very childish at times in his reflections, and is especially liable to be carried into exaggerations of the particular point he happens at the time to

be labouring. Still, he was an eye-witness excellently placed—and, if we bear in mind that an Order is liable to get characterized by the conduct of its least, not its most perfect members—we can accept his testimony as substantially the truth, as we may also accept his judgment that the providential purpose of the suppression was to cut off excesses and teach lessons of moderation.

Nor must we finish with Fraile Miguelez without taking note of his other complaint against the Jesuits of the eighteenth century, namely, that they were too given to heresy-hunting. Of course vigilance is necessary to call attention to unsound and dangerous doctrines, which often lurk in the dark till they have acquired strength to do mischief. But there can be excess which finds unsound doctrine where it does not exist, and is over-ready to impute heterodox sentiments to theologians of adverse schools; and there can be a controversial acrimony introduced into treatises which should be conciliatory as well as firm in their tone. It was a charge against the Jesuits of those days that they were prone to scent Jansenism everywhere, just as some of their enemies were prone to scent Jesuitism everywhere; and certainly they do not appear to have been free from blame in the episode which specially stirred up the bile of the Augustinians against them, that is, in the agitation to get Cardinal Noris's *History of Pelagianism* put on the Index. It had been published at Rome as far back as 1673, and in spite of the efforts of P. Macedo (once a Jesuit, then a Capuchin), who soon afterwards brought it before the Holy See, had not been put upon the Roman Index. It was unwarrantable therefore of P. Cansani, S.J., to use his influence with the Grand Inquisitor to get it put upon the Spanish Index in 1747, and still more unwarrantable was it for P. Osorio to contend that the book ought to remain on the Spanish Index, after Benedict XIV. in 1749, had insisted on its removal.

These shortcomings in certain of the members of the condemned Order, and the part they had in swelling the forces of its adversaries, needed to be acknowledged, but they do not counterbalance the verdict which must be passed on the real authors of the Suppression, and the real motives which actuated them. It is for the reader now to consider, with the aid of the materials we have laid before him, what this verdict should be. But we may at least claim to have established one point, the

point from which these articles commenced, and may contend that the question of Jesuit guilt or innocence of the many vices and crimes imputed to them is not to be decided against them straight off—according to the easy method which some have recommended—from the bare fact that Catholic rulers have at times expelled them from their dominions, and a Pope once suppressed them altogether.

S. F. S.

## *A Miser's Hoard.*

### CHAPTER V.

GEORGES and Marthe were now betrothed, on every point there was perfect agreement.

In the first glow of their passion, the lovers saw not the slightest sign of a cloud on the horizon. Throughout the district, everyone spoke of the coming marriage of Mademoiselle Marthe Raclot with Monsieur Georges de Santenay, a civil engineer, the son of a general. It had also somehow become known that a wealthy aunt was to give Georges 200,000 francs as a wedding present.

Mademoiselle Lormeau had been consulted, and had approved of her nephew's marriage, for she had seen Marthe occasionally at her brother-in-law's residence.

Twice a week Georges called at the Château d'Aubécourt, where the lovers spent together many pleasant hours in forming glorious plans for the future. There was no longer any need to seek stealthy hand-clasps, they could now exchange embraces under the very gaze of their parents.

Mathurin Raclot, who never laughed, was seen to smile faintly, from time to time. For all that, he was about to take fifty thousand francs from his strong-box, in which he had piled up bag upon bag of gold and silver. Fifty thousand francs! For a miser it was an enormous sum. But the sacrifice must be made. He considered himself lucky that he had not two daughters to marry. But, after all, these Santenays were very easy-going and disinterested people.

Had he himself not been one of the contracting parties, he would have looked upon them as arrant fools. True, the general and his son did not know the extent of his fortune, any more than his daughter did. He consoled himself with the reflection that it was not a tenth part of the sum his daughter had a right to claim from him, and that, in less than six months, he would have restored the amount to his safe.

Early one morning Marthe took her seat in the coach which ran thrice a week between Aubécourt and the town. Before her marriage she wished to pay a visit to her friends at school, and made this call with the hope that the Lady Superior might allow Sister Angèle and perhaps also Sister Léocadie to be present at her marriage.

The promise was readily granted, and the Lady Superior, kissing her, said: "My dear child, I am deeply touched by this visit of yours, though I never doubted your feelings towards us all. You will continue all your life, I know, to be kind and sympathetic, as you always were here. Since you wish Angèle and Léocadie to be present at your marriage, we cannot refuse you this testimony of our esteem and deep affection, and they shall go to Aubécourt, on the day of your marriage, to pray God that He may give you the happiness no one deserves better than yourself."

Marthe thanked the Lady Superior, bade the Sisters good-bye, and hurried away to meet the coach on its return journey.

"I was almost too late," said the young girl to the conductor.

"Oh! I should not have left without you, mademoiselle."

"Am I to be your only passenger again?"

"No, mademoiselle, you will have company."

"Ladies?"

"No, two men; one of them is going to Aubécourt."

"He lives at Aubécourt?"

"He did formerly, but he has been away the past three years."

"Ah!"

"He was a tolerably rich farmer of that district, until misfortune came, when all his belongings were sold, and the poor man left Aubécourt with his wife and five children. I do not know what they are doing now, but then you know, mademoiselle, poverty is no crime. . . . Ah! Here are our two passengers. Take the seat over there on the right, mademoiselle, in the corner. Cover yourself up well, for in this foggy damp weather the October evenings are very cold."

"You are right, this east wind cuts like ice."

"Take this sheep-skin, mademoiselle, and place it under your feet."

Marthe followed his advice, folded a wrapper round her neck, lowered her veil, and crouched shuddering into the corner.



The two travellers mounted the coach, and seated themselves in such a way that they scarcely noticed the young girl, whose features they were utterly unable to distinguish beneath her veil.

The driver closed the door, mounted the box, cracked his whip, and started the horses at a gentle trot.

Within, the two travellers spoke of things in general. Marthe knew neither of them.

"By the way," said the first, named Collot, to his friend whom he called Stanislas; "have you heard that Mathurin Raclot is about to marry his daughter?"

"Ah! The old villain! So the vile usurer is going to marry his daughter, is he? Then there are men base enough to marry the daughters of thieves!"

On hearing these dreadful words, the poor girl felt for a moment that all power of breathing had forsaken her, a moment afterwards, she, in her indignation, was on the point of making herself known to these two men who had taken the liberty of insulting her father in this way. But her strength failed her, and, with a sigh, her head sank on her breast.

"I know nothing of Raclot's daughter, for her father sent her to a boarding-school in the town to make a fine lady of her. Ah! It cost him little, for nothing is dear when paid for with other people's money. When quite a child, Marthe was very kind to her companions, and I should like to think that she is better than her rascal of a father."

"Whom is she to marry?"

"M. Georges de Santenay."

"Ah! A nobleman?"

"He is a Government engineer; his father a retired general."

"A fine marriage! If Raclot is marrying his daughter so well, he will have to give her in dowry at least half the money he has stolen. Taking his money would mean flaying him alive, and there is no danger of that, for the devil never lets such wretches die too soon. Such rogues as he is, are the only ones who succeed now-a-days."

Marthe listened in feverish agitation; her forehead burning with shame.

"This M. Georges de Santenay," continued the terrible Stanislas, "cannot be very scrupulous, for no honest man would touch money dishonestly earned, or marry the daughter of a Raclot. But then, now-a-days, there is nothing of any value but money, men will do anything for it. It is disheartening and

sad to think things have reached such a pass, but then it is true. Mathurin is rich, his daughter will be rich also, she will be seen parading in luxury paid for by the sufferings and tears of widows and orphans ruined by her father, and whilst she has everything she desires, servants, superb toilets, rich jewels, and the best of food, my poor wife and children, pale and emaciated with hunger and cold, will be dying of starvation."

"What you say is perfectly true. Unfortunately, you are not the only one Raclot has driven to poverty."

"Not by any means ; there are ten or fifteen of us : Morisot, Tamirel, Durand, Langlois, Mongin, the young Charbonnets, the widow Lambert, myself, and others I cannot now remember. After acquiring a few acres of ground, he must be continually adding to them. To form his great estate, the Noues, over a hundred acres of meadow land, in splendid cultivation, he must have the young Charbonnet's farm, then mine, afterwards Mongin's and the rest. All were his in less than three years. But how did he obtain them? By grinding us to the ground, strangling us, the brigand! Pity those who let themselves be caught in the claws of such a vulture!

"He is as patient as a cat watching a mouse, but when the right moment comes, he flings himself on his prey like a wild beast, tears out heart and entrails and devours him.

"The Courant estate, where he was once employed as farm-boy, is now his own, and widow Lambert, the daughter of his former master, has most likely not a decent dress to cover herself with. Besides this, he bought the *château* and domain of Aubécourt, and yet there are people who are not ashamed at calling him Monsieur Raclot! It is almost enough to make one deny the existence of God Himself. See here, Collot, I left the district, because, had I remained here, I should have loaded my gun, and hiding behind a hedge, have waited for him and shot him like a dog!"

"Then you did very well to go away, my poor Stanislas."

"You are right. And yet how many unhappy victims are there crying out for vengeance, beginning with Céline Noirot, Raclot's wife. Céline was anything but a bad woman, but God alone knows what she endured. She was indeed, a martyr, for her husband worked her to death."

"That is true enough."

"And what has become of the notary Poncelet?"

"They say he has gone to live in Paris."

"And indeed, he would have the means of doing so, after helping Raclot in all these shady transactions. There is another villain who ought to be in prison. Criminals of this class, however, never meet with justice. How long is it since Poncelet sold his practice?"

"A couple of years."

"Is his successor popular?"

"Very popular; he is a young man, about thirty years of age, of a very good family. He knows his business well, is on good terms with everybody, and, to all appearance, very honest."

"All the better for the district."

Here the two men passed to another topic of conversation. One may imagine in what a pitiable condition Marthe found herself by this time; what she had suffered no tongue could tell.

At Raucourt, the village before Ligoux, Collot, having reached his destination, took leave of his companion. The coach resumed its journey, and Stanislas, glancing at his companion, said:

"We are probably about to travel together as far as Aubécourt, madame; are you living in that neighbourhood?"

The young girl made no reply; her head, filled with gloomy thoughts, was bent forward on her breast.

"She has fallen asleep," muttered the man to himself.

He arranged himself as well as he could in his seat, stretched out his legs, and leaned his head in the corner of the compartment. He too endeavoured to compose himself for sleep, that being the best thing to do, in presence of a travelling companion who makes no response to one's efforts at conversation.

As they entered Aubécourt, Marthe begged the driver to halt. Dismounting, she walked quickly away.

"Who is that lady?" asked the traveller.

"Do you not know her?"

"No, I do not. True, I could not see her face. Does she belong to Aubécourt?"

"Certainly, she is Mademoiselle Marthe Raclot."

"Oh!" exclaimed the man, leaning back in his seat. Then he muttered beneath his breath:

"The worse for herself and her father. I have not a single word to withdraw from what I have said."

When Marthe returned, her father was awaiting her for dinner. He noticed something the matter with his daughter, but did not take the trouble to question her.

The young girl scarcely ate anything: "She was too tired," she said.

The meal over, she bade her father good-night, and immediately retired to her room. The poor child wished to be alone.

Here she could at last give free course to her tears and sobs. It was the explosion of a most poignant grief, and the unhappy girl writhed in convulsions of despair. There was nothing she could invoke, no one she could call to her help.

A deep abyss seemed yawning at her feet; she was completely crushed. Her whole future appeared suddenly destroyed. "Farewell, sweet dreams of happiness and love! Farewell, everything!"

With body thoroughly exhausted and bleeding heart, Marthe flung herself on the bed, but there came to her mere snatches of troubled sleep continually disturbed by frightful dreams.

All about the *château* she seemed to see a great throng of wretched human beings; old men, women and children, all covered with rags. They bore on their countenances the stamp of misery and pain, and with one voice shouted out:

"We are hungry! Give us bread, bread, bread!"

Then one and all, young and old, pointed to the lord of the manor and exclaimed:

"May you be accursed, Mathurin Raclot! The curse of God fall on you!"

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## CHAPTER VI.

DAY dawned, and the sun shone forth his pale autumn rays. Marthe arose and dressed herself; her father had left the house and she was now determined to pay her nurse a visit.

Her cheeks were pale as death; her eyes, red with weeping, formed only too clear evidence of a sleepless night.

The nurse was alarmed.

"Marthe, my child, what is the matter with you?" she exclaimed.

The poor girl threw herself sobbing into the good woman's arms.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked, and immediately began to overwhelm the girl with questions.

Marthe abruptly interrupted her:

"Nurse, my dear nurse, do you love me?"

"Love you? I love you better than anything in this world."

"Then you will not refuse me information regarding things I am ignorant of, and with which you are well acquainted."

"What is the matter, my dear——?"

"Promise that you will give me a frank reply to all the questions I am about to ask you."

"But, my dear Marthe——"

"Promise!"

"Very well, I will answer all your questions."

"And not conceal anything from me?——"

"Come, come, Marthe, I do not understand you. Tell me——"

"I want you to conceal nothing from me. Now listen. What is the amount of my father's fortune?"

"Some say a million francs, others a million and a half; but then, you know, people exaggerate."

"Then my father's fortune, at the lowest estimate, is a million francs?"

"Indeed, I cannot say."

"Very well, nurse, we will count; how much is the Noues estate worth?"

"Two hundred thousand francs, at the lowest figure."

"And the *château*, the domain of Aubécourt?"

"The same amount."

"The Ferme du Courant?"

"Again the same amount."

"And the woods of Raucourt and Ligoux?"

"About a hundred thousand francs each."

"You see, nurse, we have already reached eight hundred thousand francs; if we add the approximate value of the small farm des Treilles, and the farm des Bosquets, the vineyards, and divers other properties of minor importance, we reach another two hundred thousand francs, and there is the million complete. Besides, all this is real estate alone. Living as he does, my father must have economized a considerable sum, and as he has bought nothing for some time, he must have quite a large sum of money at home, perhaps the extra half-million francs spoken of."

"My dear child, how quickly you reckon it all."

The young girl had spoken with nervous feverish volubility. She continued:

"Now, nurse, when my father married my mother, twenty years ago, he was a mere farmer's boy."

"That is so."

"Whoever is in possession of landed property to the extent of a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand francs is called a wealthy landowner."

"There are very few so wealthy in the department."

"Then suppose we take the richest landowner of Aubécourt, how long would it take him, by working very hard and spending little on himself, to become a millionaire, if success attended all his efforts?"

"How long, Marthe? The whole of his life, and those of ten others following him."

The young girl choked back a sob, rapidly passed her hand over her brow, which was moist with perspiration, and said, slowly but distinctly:

"And yet my father, who, twenty-five years ago, did not own a single plot of ground, is to-day worth a million francs. Nurse, how did Mathurin Raclot manage to amass so large a fortune?"

The good woman, non-plussed, looked for a moment at the young girl, then she stammered:

"I will tell you, child. M. Raclot was different from others from the very first; he was always working. Both your mother and father have worked hard, after all!"

Marthe continued eagerly:

"But even when one starts rich, one cannot earn a million francs by tilling the ground; you have just confessed so much."

"Doubtless, my child; but then your mother succeeded to an inheritance, you know."

"Ah! Aunt Martin's money; how much was it?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs in cash."

"We are still a long way from the million."

"Yes, Marthe, but your father bought a considerable amount of land property, and always under the best conditions."

"We will speak of these purchases shortly. I remember hearing it said, nurse, that Aunt Martin had a brother in Paris."

"Quite true."

"And this brother I do not know, of whom my father has never spoken to me. . . . perhaps he is no longer living. . . . Had he not several children?"

"Five, so I heard at the time."



"Did my mother's uncle and his children receive any of Aunt Martin's money, also?"

"No, your great-aunt left everything to your mother."

"Perhaps Aunt Martin's brother had a fortune?"

"No, he was as poor as Job."

"And his sister disinherited him, though he had five children!" exclaimed the girl in bitter accents.

She was beginning to understand the odious part her father had played in this succession. For a moment she was silent, then she continued:

"Nurse, did my father make my mother happy?"

"Not very, Marthe," replied the good woman, who did not understand what the girl was aiming at.

The latter, calling to mind what Stanislas had said:

"Yes, I know, my poor mother died in great trouble." Then she continued aloud: "Nurse, from what I have been told, I should not have lived, had I not been fortunate enough to have you to nurse me?"

"I will not say that, my dear child, though it is true you came into the world a poor thin babe no one ever expected to live!"

"Have you been suitably paid for all the care you lavished on me?"

"I have no fault to find as I regularly received the sum agreed upon; besides, your mother often gave me a little extra, unknown to M. Raclot."

"So that my mother, in order to show a little kindness, was obliged to conceal her actions from my father. He is miserly and cruel towards those with whom he has dealings, is he not?"

"Marthe, your father is cruel towards himself. Heaven preserve me from saying anything wrong of M. Raclot to his daughter!"

"And yet, my dear nurse, I should prefer to hear from your own mouth what is the opinion formed of him in the district."

"Oh! Marthe! Marthe!" exclaimed the good woman, an expression of dismay on her countenance.

"You promised you would answer my questions and hide nothing from me."

"But, my child——"

"Oh! I know a great deal already; I know that my father is abhorred by everybody, and that he is regarded as a heartless brigand!"

"Alas!" said the poor nurse, bowing her head.

"I am aware that my father is accursed by all who know him, and that his daughter is also included in the malediction."

"Marthe! Marthe! you have done nothing wrong! You are an angel!"

"I," replied the girl in heart-breaking accents, "am my father's daughter, and that is why everybody is afraid of me, looks at me askance, avoids me as one would the plague, so that I am left without a friend at Aubécourt!"

At this point the poor girl could no longer restrain the tears which began to roll down her cheeks. After a few minutes, on regaining her self-possession, she continued:

"My dear nurse, tell me how my father, from being a mere ploughboy at the Courant farm, finally became its owner?"

"Marthe! my child, I beg of you not——"

"I will know," said the girl, imperiously.

"Do not get angry, Marthe; since you are determined to know everything, I will tell you. Still, I can only repeat what I have heard from others. Lambert had married one of farmer Michaud's daughters. After Michaud's death, his property was divided among his four children. Lambert stayed at the farm, under an obligation to pay a large sum to the others. This step forced him to borrow, so he applied to M. Poncelet the notary. He did not go to your father, though he knew he could have obtained money from him, because, as was generally known, M. Raclot only lent money at a very high rate of interest.

"The notary always had money in his safe, and he lent to any one who wished to borrow from him, with sufficient guarantee, of course. These were sums of money, he said, which his clients committed to his charge; but in reality all the money came from M. Raclot, and the notary was his intermediary. Your father's name was scarcely ever signed on the mortgage-deeds, the notary engaged men himself to perform this formality.

"Lambert was supposed to have borrowed seventy thousand francs, but he only received fifty thousand. So you see, he was treated no better by the notary than he would have been by M. Raclot.

"He was to repay the sum borrowed in six years, and pay interest each year at the rate of five per cent. on the said sum of seventy thousand francs."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the poor girl in a broken voice.

"Unfortunately," continued the peasant-woman, "poor Lambert had all kinds of trouble to contend against. One year the hail destroyed his crops, the year following his barns and granaries were burned to the ground; to crown all, his cattle began to sicken and die.

"The poor man, who had relied on his crops and the sale of his cattle to pay the interest on the money he owed, so as to be free from debt at the end of the six years, not only could not pay the interest, but was compelled once more to apply to the notary, who lent him, readily enough, on the above-mentioned conditions, the money necessary to work the farm.

"He began to recover a little, and hoped that in time he would succeed in repairing his disaster, when a sudden death carried him off."

"Poor man!" said Marthe, "probably this terrible debt had something to do with his death?"

"That is what people said, my child, but, you know, people say so many things."

"Go on with your story, nurse."

"Madame Lambert had no sooner recovered from the shock than she was compelled to repay, within a very short lapse of time, the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand francs, borrowed by her husband and increased by the interest. Of course, she could not pay. Then the lawyers intervened, and after further delay, a sale took place under distraint."

"For how much was the Courant farm sold?"

"For a hundred and thirty thousand francs, scarcely half its real value."

"So that my father had this farm for about eighty thousand francs?"

"Yes."

"What remained for the poor widow?"

"Nothing. The sale of the stock, the cattle, grain, and forage paid the law expenses."

"How monstrous!"

"Ah! Marthe, why did you wish to know all?"

"Because it was necessary."

Then she continued in accents of distress: "And the two other farms, the Noues and the Hourie vineyards and woods have been acquired by my father in the same way?"

The nurse bent her head without replying.

"Usurious loans," continued the young girl, "legal prosecutions and forced sales have ruined a number of unfortunate beings to the profit of a single man. This frightful work began by the seizure of an inheritance, speculation on another's misfortune followed, ending in the robbery of widows and orphans! . . . Everywhere my father has passed, he has left in his wake nothing but misery and tears!"

Hiding her face in her hands, she once more began to sob. The poor nurse could offer no comfort, and on seeing Marthe's tears, she too began to weep.

A bitter feeling of regret came over her for speaking at all. But after all, Marthe had obstinately insisted on knowing everything, and now she was ashamed of the manner in which her father had spent his life. This the old peasant-woman quite understood, though she had no idea how terrible and profound was the poor child's despair, nor what were to be the consequences of these revelations.

After a moment's silence Marthe raised her head; the blackness of despair which filled her heart was reflected on her beautiful pale face.

"My dear nurse," she said, "I must thank you for what you have told me. It was absolutely necessary for me to be enlightened on certain points; there is nothing further I wish to ask you."

"Marthe, there is something in your look which terrifies me. What do you intend to do, my child?"

"You shall soon know, nurse."

The fire of a fixed determination shone in her eyes, which sparkled with feverish excitement. Rising to her feet she took the old woman's hands, kissed her with a daughter's tenderness, and rushed from the house.

Mathurin Raclot had not yet returned from his usual round when Marthe returned home and immediately shut herself in her room.

Utterly exhausted, she sank into a seat and sat there for several minutes engrossed in her own thoughts. She groaned aloud in her despair. She felt how frightful was this misfortune which had befallen her, though she did not dare to measure its magnitude. Death seemed far preferable to life under such circumstances.

"So this is the secret of my father's immense fortune," she

said to herself. "He has enriched himself by employing means at once iniquitous and monstrous, exploiting the misfortunes of others with the most callous cruelty! And I am the daughter of a usurer, of one of those men whose names are only mentioned in accents of scorn, and from whom respectable people turn aside in horror and disgust. All my education has been paid for with money that is accursed, that has been stolen! The very bread I eat belongs to unhappy orphans who are dying of hunger and cold. They have neither wood nor coal in winter, whilst I can warm myself before a blazing fire in this comfortable room of mine!"

She had risen to her feet and was pacing up and down in a fever of excitement.

"Horrible!" she continued; "the very clothes I wear are not my own! And these jewels, these ear-rings, this diamond on my finger! They feel as though they were burning me!"

She removed the ring from her finger and the pendants from her ears, and placed them in a casket, which she enclosed within a small box already containing jewels of small value she had had at school.

Marthe had gone to see her nurse in a very simple dress of black cashmere, which had already lost all signs of newness. She had other toilets, far more elegant and rich, and capable of showing off her beauty to better effect.

Looking at herself in the glass she said to herself with a sigh: "I am far better in this dress."

And yet Georges de Santenay was expected at the *château* within a few minutes. Alas! Marthe neither would nor could trouble herself about coquettish or fine dresses any more.

At half-past eleven a servant came to her with the message that her father requested her to go down to the *salon*.

Rapidly she passed a moist cloth a few times over her face, and descended, trembling with emotion. On reaching the door of the *salon*, however, she had regained her self-possession.

Georges, who had just arrived, was speaking to his future father-in-law, who had a gay and sprightly air, in marked contrast with the look of grief depicted on the young girl's face, as well as with her whole attitude of resignation.

"Good morning, father; good morning, M. Georges," said Marthe, holding out her hand to the young man.

Astonished and anxious, Georges took her hand in his own, pressed it warmly, and bent down to kiss his *fiancée*.

Marthe passively submitted to the ceremony.

"How strange," muttered M. Raclot. "What is the meaning of this?"

Georges had turned pale, a vague presentiment of impending misfortune came over him. Still holding Marthe's hand, he looked at her in a kind of stupor.

"Marthe," he said at last in a whisper, "how sad you look, what a strange welcome you give me to-day!"

She sighed.

"My dear Marthe, are you in pain? Will you not tell me what is the matter?"

"Not now, Monsieur Georges."

"Then when?"

"After luncheon."

"So I am not mistaken, Marthe, you are really in trouble?"

"Yes."

The young man felt Marthe's ice-cold hand tremble in his own, and a shiver ran through his entire frame. Marthe gently withdrew her hand.

The situation was becoming painful. Luckily the servant entered to announce that lunch was served. Georges offered his arm to his *fiancée*, and they passed into the dining-room.

The meal was a very simple one: boiled eggs, cutlets, potatoes, and fruit for dessert; Mathurin Raclot was lavish in nothing.

Marthe, who had scarcely eaten anything the previous night, tasted a little of each dish. After coffee, M. Raclot, who felt ill at ease as he saw how sad his daughter had become, rose from the table saying he would go and smoke his pipe in the garden. This was a pretext for slipping away, and giving the young couple full liberty to talk.

"Father," said Marthe, "I beg you to stay a few minutes longer. You may smoke your pipe here as usual. I have something to say to M. Georges de Santenay, and I want you to hear it."

"Ah," said the peasant, with a knowing look at the young man. Filling his pipe, he lit it, and said:

"Well, Marthe, let us hear what you have to tell M. de Santenay."

The young girl turned to Georges, and screwing up all her courage, said:

"Monsieur Georges, I am about to cause you great pain,



for which I beg your pardon beforehand. Since your last visit I have reflected deeply, and have come to the conclusion that we ought never to have met ; this misfortune was brought about by fate, but you will forget me, you will think no more of me."

"Forget you, think no more of you!" exclaimed the young man, bewildered.

"You must, Monsieur Georges ; I have firmly made up my mind never to marry."

A cry escaped the young man's lips, as, livid and startled, scarcely able to believe his own ears, he sprang to his feet.

M. Raclot, his pipe between his lips, though he had ceased smoking, opened his eyes in amazement.

"Marthe! Marthe! What is this you are saying?" asked the young man, in broken accents.

"She is talking nonsense!" exclaimed Raclot.

Marthe gave him a glance which forced him to lower his eyes, and repeated in firm, distinct tones :

"I do not wish to marry."

Georges pressed his hand against his forehead, and with a dull moan exclaimed :

"I cannot understand. What is the meaning of it all?"

"Upon my word, M. de Santenay," said Raclot, who also had risen to his feet, "I am quite as much in the dark as you are. I do not believe Marthe knows what she is saying. I will leave you alone with her, M. de Santenay ; speak to her as you have a right to do. I only hope you may restore her to her right mind."

Thereupon M. Raclot, looking very disconcerted, left the room as though in anger, and went into the garden to finish his pipe.

The first thought that had entered his head on hearing Marthe declare that she would not marry was the following :

"Well ; I do not mind in the least : in that case, the fifty thousand francs will remain in my safe."

Thus easily did the miser console himself.

Georges, as soon as he was alone with the young girl, sat down by her side, looking into her eyes with an expression of indescribable grief.

"Marthe, dear Marthe," he said, "have you no pity for me? What have I done? What is it you have against me?"

"Nothing, . . . Monsieur Georges. . . ."

Her bosom was heaving with emotion, and she appeared in a state of indescribable agitation.

"Then why are you acting towards me in this way? What evil influence is prompting you, Marthe? Do tell me."

"I have nothing to say, Monsieur Georges."

"Marthe," replied the young man, rising to his feet. "I cannot remain under any illusion. You are condemning me to suffer a life-long agony. However, you have not come to this resolution without reason, and I have the right to know——"

"Monsieur Georges, ask no more questions; I cannot reply——"

"Your silence is more terrible to me than the cruellest things you could say. If you will not speak, Marthe, you leave me open to all kinds of imaginings."

"No, no," she exclaimed, eagerly; "imagine nothing, and do not try to discover——"

The young man gave her a look of mingled pain and sorrow; then he said, in bitter accents:

"On reaching Aubécourt, two hours ago, I thought myself the happiest man in the world; the whole of nature seemed to smile on me; my heart was overflowing with joy and gladness, for was I not about to see you, Marthe! Ah! I had no idea of the blow I was about to receive!"

A deep sigh escaped the young girl's lips, as Georges continued:

"Nothing, . . . nothing in the world could have made me suspect that I was here to find another Marthe. Three days ago, I held your hand in mine; we talked gaily of our plans for the future, of all the joy and happiness that seemed in store for us. On parting at night, we kissed one another as usual, and your voice, now so changed, whispered a loving greeting in my ear. This happened only three days ago; happy on leaving you, I could not return otherwise than happy, as I said to myself: 'She is waiting for me!' And now, when everything is ready for our marriage, you say to me: 'I do not wish to marry!'"

Tears once more began to flow down the poor girl's cheeks.

"You refuse to reply when I ask what has happened during the past three days. Ah! Marthe, tell me what I have done to deserve the terrible punishment you are inflicting on me?"

A fit of sobbing prevented her from speaking.

With tears in his eyes, Georges continued :

"Do you imagine I do not love you enough, Marthe, or as much as you deserve to be loved?"

"Oh! Do not speak to me so!" she exclaimed.

"Then it is you who no longer love me?"

"Do not torture me!" she moaned.

"Perhaps you never loved me?" he continued. "I have a right to suppose so, Marthe; to believe that your lips lied that very day when you said to my sister, your friend: 'I love Monsieur Georges,' and when you said to myself, 'Georges, I love you!'"

"Monsieur Georges," she replied, "you are breaking my heart!"

"And do you imagine you are sparing mine, Marthe? The wound you have inflicted on me is more cruel than if you had thrust a dagger into my heart, and yet you say it is I who make you suffer! Though my whole being is in revolt, I must say nothing! You pronounce on me a terrible, a crushing sentence, which you ask me to submit to and accept without uttering a word of protest! Is it possible? No, a thousand times, no! In you I had placed all the hope a man's heart can hold; I had no idea of any beautiful and smiling future apart from you, and now you cut off every hope of happiness! Such a fate is worse than death! Marthe, I love you, I love you; I am pleading for my happiness, nay, for my very life!"

The unhappy child buried her face in her hands.

"Marthe," continued the young man, "do you still love me?"

Raising her head, she replied, in accents whose sincerity left no room for doubt :

"Yes, Monsieur Georges, I love you as deeply as I ever did."

"You love me, and yet you repulse me without the slightest pity! I cannot understand it!"

"I can never be your wife."

"Why not? In Heaven's name, why not?"

"Were I to reply, you would ask me further questions."

"Some obstacle has suddenly arisen between us. Tell me what it is, Marthe, and that very moment it shall cease to exist!"

"Against this obstacle, we can do nothing, neither you nor myself, nor any one."

"And I must not know the nature of the obstacle?"

She shook her head.

"Then it is a secret?" asked the young man.

"Yes."

"So I must give up all hope of marrying you?"

"All hope, Monsieur Georges."

"Ah! Marthe," exclaimed the young man, with a gesture of impatience he could not restrain, "I do not know what to think! . . . Once more, you give me the right to make the most improbable suppositions."

A shiver passed through the young girl's frame, and she looked anxiously at Georges, as though she would have liked to read his inmost thoughts.

"How unhappy I am!" she suddenly exclaimed.

Utterly exhausted, she sank to her seat, and, hiding her face in her hands, once more burst into sobs. A long silence followed.

"Marthe," continued Georges, "I must go and see your father. What shall I tell him?"

"That my mind is made up."

"That is to say, you no longer wish to marry Georges de Santenay."

"Monsieur Georges, I can neither marry you nor any other man."

"You will not always speak as you are doing now," said the young man, a tinge of bitterness in his voice. "Some other suitor will be more fortunate than I have been."

Marthe sprang to her feet, with flashing eyes:

"Who would care to marry such a girl as I am?" she exclaimed in despair.

Georges stepped backwards; a sudden thought had entered his mind, to be instantly dispelled, however. Another long silence followed.

"Since your will is inexorable, Mademoiselle Marthe, I must now leave you for ever."

"Yes, for ever."

"And shall we never see one another again?"

"We must not."

"You wish me to forget you?"

"Yes, utterly forget me."

"Then good-bye, Mademoiselle Marthe."

"Good-bye, Monsieur Georges."

"And you can speak so coldly. Ah! I wonder if you really have a heart at all!"

A heart-rending cry burst from Marthe's throat.

"Oh! It is too hard to bear!" she moaned. "What can I tell you? What can I do?" she exclaimed, mad with grief.

Georges finally understood that there was no longer anything to hope for, so giving Marthe a look of mingled pity and sorrow, he sighed deeply and left the room.

Monsieur Raclot was anxiously walking to and fro in the garden. On seeing Georges approach, he saw from his countenance that he had no good news to relate.

"Well!" he exclaimed, without the slightest sign of emotion.

The young engineer shook his head in mute despair.

"Then you have not succeeded in coming to an understanding?"

"All is over, sir; there is no longer any happiness for me in life! I shall never see Mademoiselle Marthe again; she has asked me to think no more of her, and to forget her. . . . But that is impossible."

"Did you not speak to her in soothing terms?"

"I said everything my heart inspired me to utter."

"And what reply did she give you?"

"Always the same story: I do not wish to marry!"

"What reason did she give?"

"That is her secret, sir, and she intends to keep it."

The young man sighed, took leave of Monsieur Raclot, and, half an hour later, was already a considerable distance from Aubécourt.

He left the house in the deepest despair, a death-like chill seemed to have come over his heart, as he bitterly reflected on the instability of life, wondering whether what is called happiness was not, after all, a mere chimera, an empty delusion.

In vain he sought for some explanation of the strange conduct of the unhappy girl; he could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. Evidently, there was a mystery somewhere.

It was not anger that he felt, and, in spite of everything, he would not allow the slightest suspicion of Marthe to enter his mind, so pure and true was his love for her.

For somehow, he felt within himself, that Marthe was a victim and a martyr.

*(To be continued.)*

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

### **The Name "Protestant."**

DURING the recent debate in the House of Lords concerning the notorious Declaration imposed upon our monarchs at their accession,<sup>1</sup> Lord Rosebery made a contribution to the discussion which was particularly interesting, especially as showing that even ex-Premiers are not infallible as to plain matters of historical fact, but can entertain traditional errors as blindly as other folk.

How, asked his Lordship, is the Protestant faith to be satisfactorily defined, without some such repudiation as the Declaration contains of specific Roman teaching,—that faith "which, as its name denotes, is a protest against certain doctrines of the Church of Rome?" And he appears to have argued that the nation cannot be satisfied of the Protestantism of its Sovereign, unless he protests in like manner, not only by proclaiming his own belief, but by specifically denouncing some main articles of the Catholic Creed.

As a matter of fact, however, the term "Protestant" had its origin in the famous Protest presented to the Diet of Spires, April 19, 1529, by certain leaders of what had previously been known as the Evangelical party, and this Protest was far more political than religious. In order to check the confusion and discord caused by the spread of religious differences throughout Germany, the Diet, under the influence of King Ferdinand, who represented his brother the Emperor Charles V., had agreed to an ordinance by which it was enacted that until the meeting of the General Council from which so much was hoped, those states should be at liberty to maintain the reformed religion, in which this was so far established that it could not be suppressed without grave political trouble; but that no further innovations were to be introduced, and full toleration was to be extended to such as wished to remain constant to the ancient

<sup>1</sup> June 25, 1903.



faith, to whom complete liberty of worship must be secured. Against such provisions was the Protest directed. Those who originated it insisted in the first place, that their freedom to maintain and establish "evangelical truth," must be absolute, neither subject to any conditions of political expediency, nor precluded from the adoption of what might subsequently commend itself in the way of doctrinal change. In the second place, they declared that they could not in conscience, and would not, tolerate Catholic worship, and especially the Mass, in the dominions subject to their authority.<sup>1</sup>

As to the principles and motives upon which the Protest was based, there is a wide difference of opinion amongst historians,—who however, as a rule, treat this part of the question with much reserve, and furnish no satisfactory *data* upon which to form an opinion. The Catholic Janssen,<sup>2</sup> roundly declares that,

The decree of the Diet guaranteed to the Lutheran States the maintenance of the new religion and form of church government within their own territories, and stipulated only for toleration on behalf of the Catholics who wished to remain stanch in their faith and to practise the worship of their Church. "The Articles enjoined by the Diet," Melancthon acknowledged, "impose no grievance upon us: they are, indeed, more favourable than the enactments of the former Diet of Spires [in 1526]."<sup>3</sup> But the princes and municipalities who had been able to establish their new territorial church system, only by refusing toleration to those who differed from it, wished to maintain the same by like intolerance. They protested against the Decree of the Diet enjoining toleration, and from their protest acquired the name of "Protestants."

Melancthon [he adds] in a confidential letter of April the 21st, styled the Protest "Shocking."

It is, however, contended on the other side that those who framed the Protest objected not to the principle of toleration, but to its one-sided application, as the decree in question while stipulating for liberty of Catholic worship in Lutheran communities, made no similar provision for Lutherans amongst Catholics. It is argued moreover from letters and other docu-

<sup>1</sup> See the full account as given by the contemporary Protestant historian Sleidanus, *Commentarii*, lib. vi.

<sup>2</sup> *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes*, iii. p. 136.

<sup>3</sup> A decree of this previous Diet had in practice been taken fully to sanction the principle of local option in respect of religion, and it was the abrogation of this decree which chiefly evoked the Protest.

ments of the period,<sup>1</sup> that the Protestant spirit was all for toleration and that only in self-defence was an opposite system adopted.

Though it is not very easy to reconcile all this with the account of the whole transaction as furnished by Sleidanus, to say nothing of notorious facts, it is sufficient for our present purpose to remark, that on the showing of both parties the question actually at issue was one not of theology but of practical policy, and that whatever were their motives and principles, the first "Protestants" as a matter of fact refused to grant to others that freedom in matter of religion which they claimed as an indefeasible right on their own behalf. It might perhaps be urged that the term thus understood is even more in consonance with the maintenance of the Royal Declaration than Lord Rosebery supposed,—but this is a line of argument which presumably no serious politician will care to adopt.

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#### **The Slavery of Superstition.**

The various No Popery journals have made so much capital out of the writings of Mr. Joseph McCabe, author of *Twelve Years in a Monastery* and other "exposures" of the corruptions of Romanism, that we should be curious to know whether they will give equal publicity to the less startling but more dispassionate expressions of opinion contained in his latest literary venture. This volume, which bears the not wholly appropriate title of *Church Discipline*, represents the substance of a course of lectures recently delivered before the Ethical Society. The author's aim, as he tells us in the Preface, was "to acquaint sympathetic outsiders with the methods and institutions which the Church of Rome employs, as a result of its long experience, in the cultivation of the ethical ideal and moral life." In spite of some quite curious inaccuracies of detail, and a point of view fundamentally opposed to the recognition of all supernatural influences, we believe the book to be substantially straightforward and honest. Its independence must be patent to all,

<sup>1</sup> See especially Ney, in Herzog and Plitt's *Real-Encyclopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche* [Art. *Speier*, 2nd Edit. vol. xiv. p. 490, note], who sets himself expressly to contradict Janssen's statement. He unfortunately omits to quote the documents to which he appeals, except in one instance which gives little or no information as to the point on which we are engaged.

and for that reason we commend such a passage as the following to the notice of the Protestant Alliance and the Convent Enquiry Society. The value of this testimony will be better seen if we quote the whole paragraph as it stands without any omissions.

It is not entirely unnecessary even in our day [writes Mr. M'Cabe], to say that the bond which keeps the monk or nun to the convent is a moral one. The one or two authentic instances of physical detention in monasteries or nunneries which I know of would be heard with no less incredulity in monastic circles than among the Catholic laity. They do indeed point to the possibility of occasional irregularities; and it is not inconceivable that superioresses of nunneries, who are so often ladies of narrow experience and excessive zeal, would in cases make unduly vigorous efforts to prevent young nuns under their charge from, as they would conceive it, imperilling their eternal safety by quitting the convent. It must be understood that the canon law on the subject remains unchanged, and the Church does not offer any other reason than political conditions for allowing it to lie inactive; and that law fully and emphatically enjoins the physical detention of apostates or would-be apostates. These circumstances must prepare us for occasional irregularities, but I greatly doubt if they are numerous. I do not believe three nuns would leave the convents of England if they were thrown wide open to-morrow to officious inspectors and warm-hearted Protestant ladies. The bond is, as I said, a spiritual one. If the "simple" vows are followed, at an interval of three years, by a "solemn" or irrevocable ratification, the monk or nun is bound by a grave obligation in conscience as long as he or she retains the Catholic faith which inspired the vows, to remain in the convent.<sup>1</sup>

Not less candid are the following remarks bearing on the question of Mariolatry. Such a statement from one who has observed the workings of the Catholic Church from within, forms perhaps the best answer that can be made to the wild extravagances, not to use a more uncomplimentary word, of such a disgraceful book as Dr. A. Robertson's recently published *Roman Catholic Church in Italy*.

Speaking of the position of the Blessed Virgin in Catholic devotion—a matter, by the way, in which the extreme section of the High Church party goes almost as far as we do—and of the festivals observed in her honour, Mr. M'Cabe says:

On all these festivals one or other facet of a lofty ideal of womanhood is set forth, so that whatever be the opinion of the theologian, the moralist must regard the *cultus* with satisfaction. At the same

<sup>1</sup> P. 232.

time I am constrained to add that though I have lived amongst ignorant Catholics in England, Ireland, and Belgium, I have seen nothing of that "adoration" of the Virgin that offends the Protestant eye (or imagination). . . . I think that no matter how powerful the Catholic peasant takes Mary to be, he never forgets that hers is a derived power and a power of persuasion. There is a corresponding difference in his worship, however intense it may become at times.<sup>1</sup>

Very near akin to this expression of opinion, but going even further in the same direction, is a statement made in a recent volume of Mr. Charles Booth's, *Life and Labours of the People in London*, a statement which certainly runs counter to current impressions, but which comes from a source whose authority and sincerity few will impugn.

Religious feeling [says Mr. Booth] lies very deep in the Irish character and contains a singularly small infusion of superstition. The Catholic Church understands, as no other does, how to distil a pure religious essence from the rankest superstition, but with the Irish no such alchemy is required. Among Catholics they are early Christians. They remind one of the Primitive Methodists in their simplicity and their freedom alike from intellectual subtleties, emotional excitement, or the undercurrents of superstition in connection with their faith. It is rather as lingering remains of black magic that superstition is found among them.

We do not quote these testimonies as if they were needed or as if they were in themselves conclusive. But they are surely more worthy of attention than the senseless tirades of anti-Romanist critics, whose violence and unreasoning animus are apparent in every line that they write.

<sup>1</sup> P. 142.

## Reviews.

### I.—POLITICS AND RELIGION IN SCOTLAND, 1550—1695.<sup>1</sup>

THE last few years have witnessed the rise of a number of first-rate writers upon Scottish History. Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Hay Fleming, Mr. Hume Browne and others have all brought gifts of a high order to illustrate the history of their country. Mr. Mathieson surpasses them all in at least one faculty. He is a philosophic historian of real ability. The calmness and force of his analysis, his clear intuition of the connections between a cause and its most remote effects are surprising. He can pause to philosophise while the characters he is studying are being carried away by passion or fanaticism into the perpetration of crimes or excesses, which throw ordinary people into unreasoning excitement. Where partizanship is almost universal, Mr. Mathieson is so perfectly well balanced, that you could hardly tell to what party he belongs.

His book covers a large and deeply interesting period, that extending from the break up of the old Church to the practical settlement of the present forms of worship after the Revolution of 1688. It is not all equally well done. Our author's excellence in the highest branches of his science, is accompanied, as is often the case, with a weakness in others, which are also essential to the complete historian. The best chapters appear to us to be those in which he treats of history so familiar to him that he is sure to judge rightly of his materials. His knowledge of the Scotland of to-day enables him intuitively to recognize the causes that led to the formation of its political and religious character. His description of Knox is at once appreciative of the Reformer's greatness and of his weaknesses, and is written withal so dispassionately, that no one can find a difficulty in studying what is simply nauseous when dished up with blind praise and reverential deference. From this point onwards the

<sup>1</sup> *Politics and Religion. A study in Scottish History from the Reformation to the Revolution.* By William Law Mathieson. Glasgow: Maclehose, 1902. 2 vols.

story of the incessant and violent wrangles amid which religion in Scotland took its present shapes, is told with a clearness that leaves little to be desired. The actuality and convincing force of the narrative gives to the whole an interest, which a less masterly handling of a story unattractive in itself would at once dissipate.

But when he goes further back still and endeavours to explain the reasons of the fall of the old Church and of Mary Stuart, we perceive a deterioration, due not to any darkening of the writer's special gifts, but to his less perfect mastery of the materials. He has too often relied upon such writers as Froude, Philippon, and Swinburne, with the result that his deductions and generalizations are of uneven value, and sometimes show stains of original sins due to the sources whence his story was drawn. Even here however our author never swerves from his high standard of sobriety of thought and accuracy of inference, which the reader cannot fail to find stimulating and interesting in the best sense.

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## 2.—ROME AND REFORM.<sup>1</sup>

It is now some twenty-five years, if we mistake not, since we reviewed in the pages of *THE MONTH* a work of Mr. T. L. Kington Oliphant on the *Sources of Standard English*. As an essay in philology Mr. Oliphant's study of our early literature was in many respects acceptable enough, but even in discussing the growth of the English language he could not refrain from availing himself of every chance allusion as an excuse for denouncing Romanism. The bare mention of Pope or Jesuit seemed to produce upon him the effect of a red rag upon a bull. When therefore the same Mr. Kington Oliphant turns *ex professo* to the writing of history we know what to expect, and the reader who may be acquainted with his former works will hardly be disappointed. The author of this tirade seems to be constitutionally incapable of any attempt to do justice to certain of his opponents. He accepts without examination every statement to their discredit which comes upon any sort of quotable authority. He ignores all the facts that tell in their favour. One knows the type of book only too well, and we should have been content to pass it by with no further notice than a shrug of the shoulders, were it not for the claim to

<sup>1</sup> *Rome and Reform*. By T. L. Kington Oliphant. London: Macmillan, 1902.



impartiality made in the Preface. We have no doubt that Mr. Oliphant sincerely believes himself to be the most moderate of men, but we can only say that his moderation is chiefly shown in the endeavour to make a parade of Catholic or nominally Catholic writers as supplying the evidence which he quotes for his preconceived views. Whether unconscious or not, the writer's anti-Roman bias will be apparent on every page to those who have really studied the sources of history. Mr. Oliphant's own conception of the functions of an historian seems to be limited to the reading of a few popular works dealing with a particular country or period, from which he extracts what best suits his purpose. Of any first-hand acquaintance with the ultimate materials we do not see the slightest trace.

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3.—THE DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

From the reviewer's point of view we must confess to a prejudice against the publication of dictionaries in fascicules. There does not seem any adequate reason why each single instalment of a hundred pages or so should claim separate notice in the already overcrowded columns allotted to reviews of books. None the less we must own ourselves conquered by the very exceptional excellence of the work now before us. We are glad to bear witness that there is more valuable material, more evidence of research in this small section of a score or so of headings than we have sometimes found in a pretentious volume of many hundred pages. In the matter of liturgy and of archæology this second fascicule seems to be as full of interest as its predecessor which we noticed so favourably a few months back. Nothing for instance would be more useful or more complete than the article of Dom Leclercq on the *Acts of the Martyrs*, a subject which the writer has made peculiarly his own and which he has also developed further under other headings such as *Ad bestias*, *Ad metalla*, &c. To the same contributor into whose capable hands by far the most important share of the work seems to fall we also owe excellent articles upon *Accusations contre les Chrétiens*, *Aggrandissement*, *Acrostiche*, *Acolouthia*, *Adjuration*, *Adam et Eve*, *Achaïe*, *Adoration*. In almost every one of these, even the reader who is curious and

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne et de Liturgie*. Second Fascicule. Paris: Letouzey, 1903.

well read in such subjects will meet information that is new to him, everywhere accompanied with an array of references that render further study and verification easy. More admirable work than this our generation has not seen.

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#### 4.—THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ARMENIA.<sup>1</sup>

Although the history of the Armenian Church lies rather outside the beaten track of the ecclesiastical student, and although the language in which the more important materials for such a history are written has been mastered by comparatively few, the conviction has long been gaining ground that this field of research is one of high importance for the study of the first Christian centuries. There are not too many provinces of Oriental scholarship in which Catholic *savants* have taken the lead, but thanks in large measure to the energy of the Mechitarist Fathers of Venice and Vienna, Armenian is a subject in which we have more than held our own. The work of Dr. Simon Weber now before us is therefore one of very considerable interest, and so far as we are capable of passing judgment upon its merits, the research and scholarship displayed therein seem to be of a high order. The most casual reader will be favourably impressed by the full bibliography at the commencement and the array of references in the footnotes giving chapter and verse for almost every statement. A singularly interesting account is given of Tiridates—Trdat, as Dr. Weber writes the name—the Constantine of Western Asia, though the author has not entirely succeeded in reconciling the conflicting statements of Moses of Choren and other authorities regarding his chronology. What is more, Dr. Weber adopts a generous interpretation of the duties of an historian in touching upon such topics as Armenian literature, dogma, folk-lore, geography, and the rest. Many readers for whom the mere dry bones of history would have little attraction will be drawn to consult his pages for the subsidiary information they contain regarding the early centuries of Christianity. We heartily congratulate both author and publisher upon the enterprise shown in this occupation of a comparatively unworked field.

<sup>1</sup> *Die Katholische Kirche in Armenien, ihre Begründung und Entwicklung vor der Trennung.* Von Dr. Simon Weber. Freiburg: Herder, 1903.

5.—FATHER RICKABY'S POLITICAL AND MORAL ESSAYS.<sup>1</sup>

The character of Father Rickaby's book must furnish our apology for this belated notice. Considerably more than half the volume is occupied by the *Dissertation on the Origin and Extent of Civil Authority*, which he wrote as a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Science in the University of Oxford. To a closely argued and scholarly treatise of this nature justice cannot possibly be done within the narrow limits to which we must perforce confine ourselves, and we have been reluctant to essay a task that must be self-condemned. On the other hand, the bulk of the residue, namely, the *Essays upon Savages, Casuistry, The Catholic doctrine of lying and equivocation, and Socialism and Religious Orders*, having originally appeared in our own pages, we are no better placed for playing the part of critics in their regard.

We should, however, be sorry to allow the book to pass without a word of recognition, even at this eleventh hour, and accordingly leaving its principal and most important section to speak for itself, in the official recognition its merits earned,—for by it the writer obtained the Degree he sought,—and saying nothing of the items in which self-esteem might be supposed to bias our judgment, we will confine ourselves to the residuum which though scant in bulk offers abundant matter to serve as a sample of the whole.

In the Essay on *Morality without Free Will*, a subject is touched which is regarded by many at the present time as the crucial point in the battle raging so fiercely between blank unbelief and religion in any form. Is man really responsible for his actions, or is he as inexorably bound to a certain course of conduct as a steam-engine, or a wild beast, which whatever it does, cannot be held to be culpable? That is the question; and Father Rickaby treats it with freshness and force so as to furnish a distinct addition to our armoury. It is interesting to compare his arguments with those of Professor Poynting in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*. The latter argues chiefly against the Materialists, Father Rickaby against the Pantheists,—but the distinction is of name rather than of anything more substantial, and the result in both cases is the same. The Professor holds that we are more certain of our

<sup>1</sup> *Political and Moral Essays*. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J., B.Sc. Oxon. New York, &c. : Benziger, 1902. 298 pp. 6s. nett.

power of choice and responsibility than of any other fact, physical or psychical (which sounds like a modern echo of Dr. Johnson's, "Sir, we *know* our will is free, and there's an end on't"); Father Rickaby observes that so sure are we on this point, that the doctrine of determinism has not yet succeeded in passing "from the lecture-room to the market-place."

Another Essay, that on *Sentiment in Ethics*, is likely to attract still more attention. For some reason, Father Rickaby has been singled out by the extremer advocates of Zoophily, or Zoolatry, as a sort of animal Torquemada who preaches cruelty to dumb beasts in its worst form; and it is with the burning question of Vivisection that this paper deals. It is hard, however, to see what objection can in reason be taken to such a position as this, which is only what our author has previously maintained:

Should the State forbid vivisection? All I have to reply is an hypothetical negation. The State should not forbid vivisection, if by vivisection there is hope of ascertaining, and without vivisection there is no hope of ascertaining, facts of importance for medicine and surgery; or again if vivisection is really necessary for the training of medical students. Beyond this hypothetical negation I will not go. Whether this hypothesis is verified or not, it is for the medical faculty alone to decide, not for laymen, however many medical treatises they have plodded through.

This is mere common sense, which, however, usually counts for little in such discussions.

#### 6.—THE PRAYERS OF THE EARLY CHURCH.<sup>1</sup>

From a religious point of view the days that we live in are evil days, and the trend of modern literature is sadly disquieting to faith, casting doubt upon beliefs which many generations of our forefathers have been accustomed to hold sacred. Still, the intelligent Catholic of our time has also his compensations; and amongst them we should emphatically include the existence of such excellent liturgical manuals as that which at present lies before us. Twenty years ago this book could not have been written, but now, thanks to the labours of Mgr. Duchesne, Dom Bäumer, Mgr. Batiffol, and many more, the task of the compiler must have proved comparatively easy. The *Livre de la Prière*

<sup>1</sup> *Le Livre de la Prière Antique.* Par le R. P. Dom Fernand Cabrol, Bénédictin de Solesmes, Prieur de Farnborough. Paris: Oudin, 1900.

*Antique* has been published some time, and has already found so much favour amongst Catholic readers abroad, that we may reserve a fuller discussion of its contents until the appearance of the English translation which we feel confident cannot long be delayed, and which will be almost as warmly welcomed by advanced Anglicans as by ourselves. Suffice it to say, for the benefit of those who do not know the book, that it provides in moderate compass an almost complete review of the liturgical formularies and even to some extent of the private devotions of our early forefathers in the faith. The Mass of course occupies the most conspicuous place, but we have also a very full treatment of the liturgy of the Sacraments, of the burial of the dead, with the occasional Offices, such as the dedication of churches, the blessing of the holy oils, exorcism, &c., and of course a discussion of the ecclesiastical calendar. The book runs over much the same ground as Mgr. Duchesne's *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, but it is more popular in character, and is in many features brought down to a much later date, with fuller extracts from the prayers themselves. That the information given is in all cases absolutely accurate beyond the possibility of revision would be a strong thing to say of so comprehensive a volume. Prior Cabrol, however, has followed in the wake of the most reliable authorities, and his work in point of industry is representative of the best traditions of Solesmes. If we needed any further reason for recommending this book warmly to our readers it would be supplied by the sympathy we feel for the illustrious Benedictine community of which the author is so distinguished a member, now obliged to take refuge upon these shores. We have only one complaint to make of Prior Cabrol's work, and that is the lack of an Index, but this after all is a fault that can easily be remedied.

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#### 7.—IN HYMNIS ET CANTICIS.<sup>1</sup>

The author, thinly disguised as S.M.X., is well known to the Catholic public as a writer of fluent verse replete with devotion and tenderness. From her pen came the hymn "Martyrs of England," which was at one time, and perhaps still is, familiar in many churches. A still wider popularity, though with less of

<sup>1</sup> *In Hymnis et Canticis, Verses sacred and profane.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. (S.M.X.) London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1903. Price 3s. nett.

publicity, has probably fallen to the lot of the little poem beginning

Lord ! for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray ;  
Keep me, dear Lord, from stain of sin  
Just for to-day,

which has suggested comfort and counsel to many.

In the present volume she has collected the pieces written during a course of years—"Hymns and Sacred Verses," "Wishes for the Season," "To various persons and on various occasions," on all of which will be found the stamp of genuine piety, and a bright and kindly heart, and there can be no doubt that the little book will be cordially welcomed, especially by those to whom it is dedicated, and for whom most of the items it contains were originally written,—the former students of the Liverpool Training College, at Mount Pleasant.

We cannot but wish, however, that S.M.X. would ride her Pegasus with a somewhat tighter rein, and accustom herself to be a good deal more exacting in regard of structural form. The metre she habitually adopts, with but one rhyme in each four-line stanza, is a difficult one to write really well, just because it is so fatally easy to produce somehow, just as good blank-verse is beyond the powers of multitudes who can turn out passable rhymes. In the matter of rhythm there is frequently a good deal to desire, words having to be forced to fit the place assigned them in the verse.

But it is an ungrateful task to play the critic here, and we gladly allow the author to conclude this notice for herself, with part of a piece which speaks for itself.

*To my Sister on her Silver Jubilee of Religious Profession.*

Could we but meet again,  
"We Three,"  
Could we but talk again  
As we used to talk, long years gone by,  
We girls, Milly, Ethel, and I—  
Ah ! me,  
What Jubilee !  
Some day we shall meet again,  
"We Three,"  
And we never need part again  
And His Love shall join what it once did part,  
We Three, who had but the self-same heart.  
Oh ! me,  
Whole Jubilee !



8.—LIGHT FOR NEW TIMES.<sup>1</sup>

It is a critical time for a girl when she leaves school. She is entering on adult life and it depends largely on herself how she is to shape it. At such a time she needs some sound guidance, and it is this which Miss Fletcher offers her in *Light for New Times*. The title implies what is so true, that the conditions of woman's life are different from what they were, and that the guidance offered should take this important fact into account. The points of change are that marriages, from one cause and another, are now less frequent, and that the majority of girls can no longer look forward to that state as more than a possibility; that an unmarried girl now-a-days has more opportunities of making herself useful and engaging in social works for which her feminine qualities specially fit her; and that for those who must earn their living a wider range of choice is now open. It follows that the aimless, unwholesome life of a girl at home looking forward to marriage as her ultimate goal, and meanwhile frittering away her time on pleasures and inanities, has become more than ever intolerable, and what our young people should do is to set to work resolutely to prepare themselves for some solid employment, either to gain a livelihood, or if that is not necessary, to supply some useful social need. If marriage should eventually fall to the lot of one who has thus formed herself she will be the better qualified to discharge her duties as a wife and mother. Again, it is a feature of the modern girl's life that more liberty is allowed her than formerly, and she must learn to use it aright. Also, many more people are educated up to a high standard in the present generation; and if a girl wishes to be an acceptable member of some social circle she should not rest content with her school education, but be ever seeking to add to her mental equipments.

These are the kind of topics with which Miss Fletcher deals. Her counsels to her young friends are sound and appropriate, and they will profit considerably by making her little volume a subject of careful and constant study.

It is, as the title shows, Catholic girls for whom she specially writes, and here perhaps she lays herself open to a slight criticism. Take such a passage as the following:

<sup>1</sup> *Light for New Times*. A book for Catholic girls. By Margaret Fletcher. With a Preface by the Rev. W. D. Strappini, S.J. London: Art and Book Company.

I think I can put my finger on a spot where convent-bred girls are apt to be uneducated. . . . They have, during their school-days, allowed those treacherous emotions and affections to usurp a place outside their province; they have allowed them to determine their conduct and actions. They worked well, or did right because they were fond of the nun who taught them, and thought little or nothing of the principle behind, or of the will of Almighty God. In the same way they took a dislike to another nun, and the subject she taught was neglected or ill-done; their heart was not in it.

What is here said is true—true in a measure, that is to say—but in that measure it is true of girl nature wherever it is to be found—in convent-schools and non-convent schools, in Catholic schools and non-Catholic schools. No doubt there are also schools and schools in another sense, schools where the defect is hardly checked, and schools where it is checked as much as it well can be. Perhaps too we should also add that there are homes and homes, for is not this the most serious source of weakness in our educational system? Boys and girls will be diligent and try to get on in their studies in proportion as a salutary home influence does or does not urge them on. However, our readers must not gather from this criticism that the authoress inveighs against convent schools; it is merely that in addressing girls who have mostly been brought up in such schools she warns them against a possible source of defect. Nor should we have noticed the point were it not that the little volume is one which teachers (as well as parents) would do well to expound and expand to their young charges, and it seems to us therefore ill-advised to insert a clause or two which might tend to prejudice the nuns against it. Our advice to them would be, "Do not be thus deterred from using the book."

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#### 9.—THE TORMENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.<sup>1</sup>

It is difficult to conjecture what motive can have induced any publisher to incur the expense of issuing this book. That the intention which prompted it is excellent we are quite ready to believe, but why select for such a purpose a work more than three hundred years old which betrays on every page its author's complete lack of the critical faculty? No doubt there is some-

<sup>1</sup> *Tortures and Torments of the Christian Martyrs.* From the "De SS. Martyrum Cruciatibus," of Father Gallonio. Translated and adapted by A. R. Allinson. Paris: Charles Carrington, Editeur, 13, Faubourg Montmartre, 1903.

thing to admire from an artistic point of view in Antonio Tempesta's elaborate plates of torments, but these are of course purely imaginary compositions and often based on worthless historical documents. What is more, the translation is at best an abridgment, and no exact references are given for the numerous quotations from the Acts of the Martyrs. We do not of course mean to call in question the fact that the early Christian martyrs were subjected to the most barbarous torments, but there is no field of research in which it is necessary to exercise a more careful discrimination and to test the value of every testimony. Mere popular tradition and general acceptance however widespread cannot, we fear, be taken as any guarantee for the authenticity of the facts. No story is more famous than that of the jesting of St. Laurence when tortured on the gridiron, which instrument for more than a thousand years has unquestionably been accepted as his special emblem. But a recent writer in the *Römische Quartalschrift* (1900),<sup>1</sup> has shown that there is the very gravest reason to doubt whether the martyr suffered death in this way. He is inclined to attribute the mistake to the dropping of a single letter in some brief record of the martyrdom, the accidental substitution in fact of *assus est* for *passus est*. Be this as it may, it is now certain that even the scepticism of Dom Ruinart was by no means pushed as far as it should have been, and Father Gallonio unfortunately lived long before the time of Ruinart and was quite unacquainted with his critical methods.

<sup>1</sup> "San Lorenzo e il supplizio della graticola," by Pio Franchi de Cavalieri.

## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

TWO of the Paternoster Books, a series started by the Art and Book Company, have reached us, viz., *The Four Last Things*, by Blessed Thomas More, and *A Spiritual Consolation*, by Blessed John Fisher (both edited by Dr. O'Connor). We are sure these beautiful books with artistic cover and frontispiece designed by Mr. Paul Woodroffe will be the cause to many of æsthetic pleasure and of spiritual profit.

*A good, practical Catholic: a Spiritual Instruction to people in the world*, by F. Reginald Buckler, O.P. (London: Burns and Oates. Sixpence), contains a series of eighteen simple lessons upon subjects of practical importance to all children of the Church who desire to live worthily of their high calling by cultivating the virtues which it demands of them.

From the same publishers we receive (price sixpence) the words spoken on occasion of the interment of Cardinal Vaughan at Mill Hill, by his brother Father Bernard Vaughan, and addressed principally to the Fathers and Brothers of St. Joseph's Society for Foreign Missions, in whose midst, by his own direction, their devoted Founder was laid.

Messrs. Williams and Butland, of 47, Little Britain, London, E.C., send us their "Star" edition of the familiar *Garden of the Soul*. This is a marvel of handiness and cheapness, 450 pages, that will literally go into the waistcoat pocket, copious variety of contents, good legible type, by no means cramped, gilt edges, price sixpence. There is a companion edition of the *Key of Heaven*.

That the fierce light of publicity means to beat upon twentieth century nurseries, is the first thought suggested by Lady Mary Milbanke's *Fair Children, love greetings to my tiny Friends* (Burns and Oates. 1s.). Here we have a collection of photographic portraits of infants, with a fragment of rhyme in which each is addressed by his or her (generally her) baby-name. We confess to asking ourselves, as we frequently have to do in

front of pictures on the walls of our exhibitions, whether it is fair to take advantage of the helplessness of childhood, and immortalize our little ones in a character which they will outgrow as speedily as their frocks, and of which they will have no greater desire to be reminded. What, for instance, will be the feelings of a certain young gentleman, who shall be nameless, when having presently reached the dignity of cricket and football, he sees himself handed down to posterity, making an effort to cram his fist into his mouth, and addressed as "Babykin, so bright, Flower in the world so cold"?

Messrs. John Walker and Co. (Farringdon House, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.) issue, at the modest price of sixpence, an excellent memorial pendant of Leo XIII., with his portrait on one side, and on the other the dates—in Latin—of his birth and death.

The same firm sends us specimens of other pendants which, though small enough to hang from a watch-chain, contain severally in the form of metal booklets, representations of the Mysteries of the Rosary and the Stations of the Cross (one shilling each); a third still smaller, no bigger than a thumb-nail, contains photographic reproductions of well-known sacred pictures, but is decidedly blemished by the title of "Religious Charm" used to describe it.

*The Playwater Plot* (Benziger) is one of Miss Waggerman's stories for young people. A youthful millionaire, converted by his mother's unwise petting into a helpless invalid, comes to board in a mountain district with a family in which there are some poor but fine healthy boys. By their friendship he is gradually transformed, and is also saved from an impending danger. The story is well told, is well supplied with romance, and is sure to be liked.

Under the title *The Friars and how they came to England* (5s. Sands and Co., London, 1903) Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., gives us a translation into English of Thomas of Eccleston's *De Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Angliam* as found in the *Monumenta Franciscana* of Professor Brewer. A good half of Father Cuthbert's volume is taken up with an introductory essay on the spirit and genius of the Franciscan Order. We here find indicated, of course only in the barest outline, the wonderful influence exercised by the Friars Minor on the life of the Church since their institution. The difficulties caused on the score of poverty and the pursuit of learning are

succinctly dealt with; and we are shown how, by a spirit of adaptation, the sons of St. Francis have overcome the perils with which they were encompassed. Father Cuthbert brings us to the root of the matter when he assures us that the characteristic of St. Francis of Assisi is the spirit of *simplicity*. And if one were asked to sum up in a single word the impression conveyed by this artless chronicle of the first coming of the Minors into our land, he could only say "Simplicity." We may express regret that the translator has not adhered strictly to the sequence of Professor Brewer's Latin text, and has not followed him more closely in other details. For instance, "Frater R. Bacun"<sup>1</sup> is rendered "Brother Roger Bacon,"<sup>2</sup> in face of those who hold, with some reason, that the passage refers to the Dominican Friar Robert Bacon. The translation has clearly been a labour of love, and conveys a very vivid impression of the charming *naïveté* of the original. Father Cuthbert has done a real service in making this, our northern counterpart of the *Fioretti* of a more genial clime, accessible to a wider circle of readers.

The translation of St. John Chrysostom's *On the Priesthood* (2s. 6d. Gill; Art and Book Co.; Benziger, 1903), by the Rev. Patrick Boyle of the Irish College in Paris, will be welcome both to the learned and unlearned. Even the finished scholar is not averse to having a reliable translation by his side as he reads the original text. While to those of us who have given up reading our Plato in our slippers by the fireside, or whose "Greek's a bit rusty, you know"—this rendering comes as a boon indeed.

From *Sketches of Old Downside*, by the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B. (6s. Sands and Co., London, 1903), we have derived nothing but unfeigned pleasure; and we counsel all and sundry to share that pleasure by getting the book and reading it from cover to cover. These are recollections of school by an old boy, and are written from the orthodox standpoint of one who looks through the mist of years and sees all transformed in the mellow light of evening. But that, after all, is the proper way to look at one's *Alma Mater*; and if these recollections have interested a reviewer, who knows Downside not at all, what pleasure will they not give to old Gregorians to whom she was a nursing mother? The opening chapters are devoted to the first beginnings of the

<sup>1</sup> *Monument. Francisc.* p. 56.

<sup>2</sup> P. 211.



school, while studies, games, and discipline receive their due share of attention. We can direct the reader's attention to only one chapter in the very heart of the book, and that deals with a custom which alas! Downside knows no longer—the King of the Christmas revels and how he held court at Yuletide. We can well imagine the keen regret felt by many a Downside boy that the time-honoured dynasty has come to an end.

Some years ago someone expressed to a well-known novelist the fear that romance was played out, and that for the future an original piece of fiction was an impossibility. The writer scouted the craven fear, and asserted that given "a man and a maid, with God's sky overhead and God's earth underfoot," he could always weave a story that would win attention. In Lady Gilbert's tale, *The Squire's Grand-daughters* (5s. Burns and Oates, 1903), the man is Lance Dangerfield and the maid is Margaret Huntingtower, and they go through various vicissitudes (not of a *very* blood and thunder character) before the course of their true love runs smooth. If we might venture on a piece of criticism, it would be to say that the writer shrinks from depicting a thorough-going villain. Even *the* villain of the piece declares that, if the heroine had deigned to give him her hand in marriage, he might have reformed; while the Squire, who is a kind of secondary villain, and is certainly a mean character, actually "hedges" at the end through the services of a French Abbé, the friend of his early years. Of the writer's love for God's sky and earth there can be only one opinion.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1903. III.)

The manifold senses of Holy Scripture. *G. Gietmann*. Pope and Council before the year 1000. *C. A. Kneller*. Is the Eucharistic Presence a local presence? *Franz Schmid*. The Emperor Ferdinand I. and the Council of Trent. *Al. Krön*. Evolution. *L. Fonck*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1903. III.)

The Tract on the Monogram of Christ attributed to St. Jerome. *Dom E. Morin*. The auxiliary Bishops of Cambrai in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. *Dom U. Berlière*. The Question of the Martyrologies. *Dom J. Chapman*. Reviews, &c.

## BESSARIONE. (1903. III.)

The Apocryphal Letter of Lentulus regarding the likeness of Christ. *F. Vigoroux*. The Paracletica attributed to St. John Damascene. *P. A. Rocchi*. The Greek Church in the nineteenth century. *A. Palmieri*. The Holy See and the Armenian People. *Mgr. Asgian*. Reviews, &c.

## STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (July.)

The True Life. *M. Meschler*. The Diffusion of the chief Religions of the World. *H. A. Krose*. The Attempt to Reform Church Music in the time of Clement VIII. *Th. Schmid*. The Ecclesiastical Policy of M. Combes. *H. Gruber*. Reviews, &c.

## RAZÓN Y FE. (July.)

The Union of Spanish Catholics;—a Letter of Leo XIII. *P. Villada*. State Intervention between the employers of labour and the employed. *N. Noguer*. Electoral Misdemeanours;—a study in Jurisprudence. *V. Minteguiga*. The present state of Buenos Ayres. *L. Lapalma*. Reviews, &c.

## ÉTUDES. (July 5 and 20.)

A Justification of Metaphysics. *L. Baille*. The Religious Persecution in France. *J. Burnichon*. Burgos and the Cid. *P. Suau*. Shakespeare or Bacon? *J. Boubée*. Tolstoi's Heroes within and without. *B. Emonet*. The last Yellow Book. *P. Dudon*. Our Contemporary Poets. *H. Bremond*. The Correspondence of Louis XIII. with Richelieu. *H. Chèrot*. Reviews, &c.

## LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (July 4 and 18.)

The Pope's Allocution on June 12th. The "Cursus" in Literature and in Liturgy. Christianity and its Rationalistic Critics. The Gladiators of Socialism. The Congress of Vienna and the Holy See. Reviews, &c.

## REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (July.)

St. Jerome at Constantinople. *E. Boury*. The Union of the Churches from the Greek Orthodox standpoint. *S. Salaville*. To whom was due the Restoration of the Empire in the year 800? *A. Unterleiden*. Reviews, &c.

## L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (July.)

The Martyrdom of Abbé J. Bottex in 1792. *C. Dementhon*. An Apologist in the eighteenth century. *C. Bouvier*. The Hopeless Struggle. *Abbé Delfour*. Visits of Emperors to Rome from Constantine to Nicholas I. *J. Martin*. Reviews, &c.

